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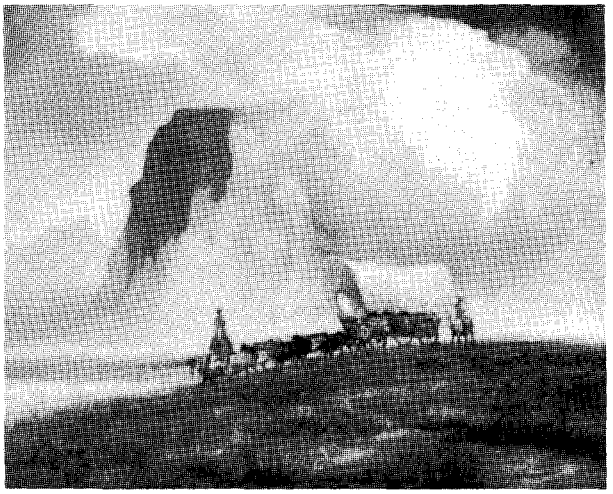

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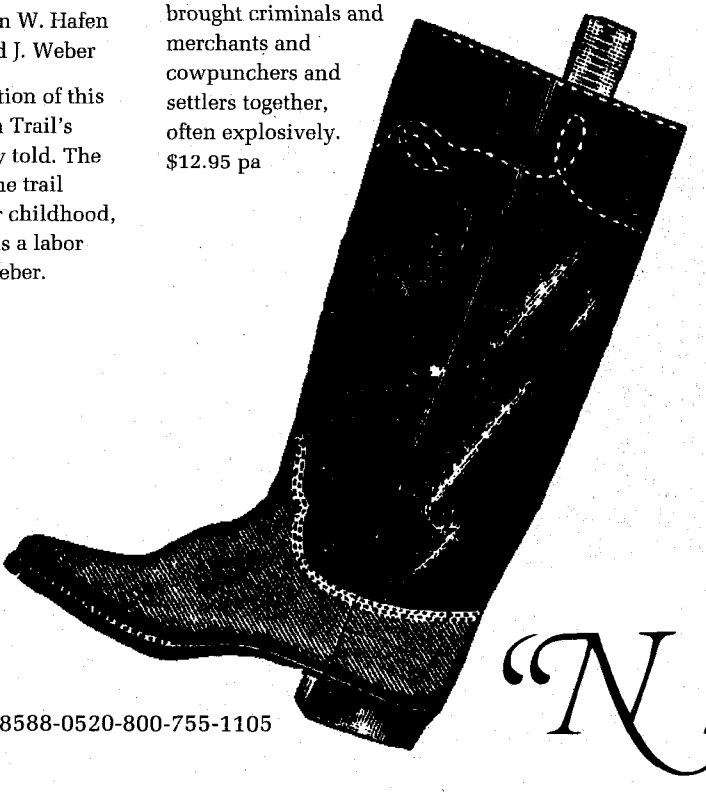

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April 1993
Vol. 40, No. 4
Whole No. 300

FEATURES

16 **Tom Horn, the Langhoffs, and the "System That Never Failed."** *By Chip Carlson.* When a band of thieves flouts the law, the famous stock detective decides to dispense justice on his own.

22 **Treeing the Town.** *By Bill O'Neal.* Contrary to fiction, hardy Westerners refused to be intimidated by notorious gunmen.

28 **Cataline.** *By Cecille Carroll.* An eccentric packer was legendary in old-time British Columbia.

38 **Fighting Fire With Fire: The Strategy Behind Forsyth's Scouts.** *By Michael Antonucci.* A misguided attempt at guerrilla warfare led to near-disaster at Beecher Island.

42 **A Singular Friendship.** *By Jacqueline Dorgan Meketa.* A Roman Catholic bishop and a family of Jewish merchants establish unlikely bonds on the New Mexico frontier.

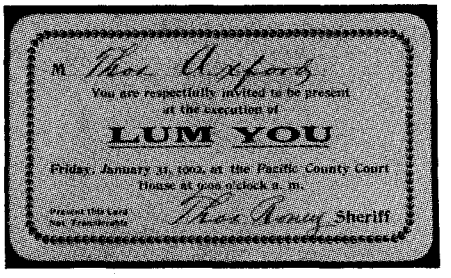
46 **By Invitation Only: The Hanging of Lum You.** *By Larry Hennigh.* An escaped prisoner turns himself in to face the hangman's rope.

50 **From Eyewitness to Obscurity.** *By Don Blevins.* Alamo survivor Susanna Dickinson's life needs no Hollywood embellishment.

Page 16

Page 22

Page 28



Page 46

DEPARTMENTS

5 **From the Editor**

6 **Truly Western**

10 **Western Roundup**

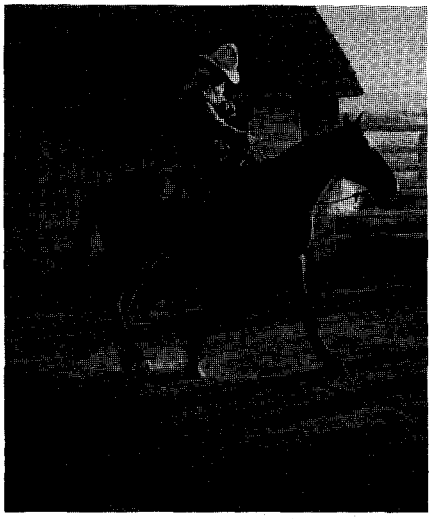
14 **Answer Man**

56 **Books**

59 **Trails Grown Dim**

60 **Great Western Gunfights**

63 **Wild Old Days**



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From the Editor

Howdy, folks!

I first wrote this editorial for TRUE WEST's companion magazine, OLD WEST. But with the hornets' nest we've stirred up in "Truly Western" (see page six), I reckon it won't hurt to repeat it with a few minor changes. The trouble is over the supposedly "politically correct, new history" thinking sullying TRUE WEST's pages of late. Such charges caught me off guard, because I've also been getting a steady trickle of letters commending me for maintaining a traditional historian's editorial stance. (Those letters surprised me, too, since I've always tried to keep this rag as objective as possible.)

Unlike Wyatt Earp, I've never been one to relish a fight, and I especially don't want to get mixed up in one where thirty thousand faithful TRUE WEST readers can see me get whupped in public. So I've tried to stay clear of the political fisticuffs and not to get in the ring with either extreme of the so-called "new historians" or "traditionalists." What most TRUE WEST readers really want, it seems to me, is simply a good nonfiction story. We just want to know the truth about exciting events and fascinating folks; we'll leave the moralizing and philosophizing to others.

But the problem with history is that the creatures who happen to do the research and the writing and the editing are human beings, and no matter how hard they try to be completely objective, their own biases and limited knowledge are bound to creep into the stories they tell. Naturally, the tales that are the most intriguing are the ones that are the most controversial. In my previous life as an English teacher, I used to tell my writing students that all good stories arose from conflicts, and those conflicts usually fit neatly into one of three categories: man against man, man against nature, or man against himself. (That was a long time ago. These days I guess I'd have to relabel the categories "person against person," "person against nature," and "person against him/herself.")

It doesn't take an Einstein to figure out that to have a conflict you have to have two sides. The more intransigent those opposing forces and the vaguer their morality, the more fascinating the conflict and the better the story. It's inevitable that the best stories about the Old West—the ones that arise from the most interesting conflicts—will also be the most controversial.

If a couple of cowboys get drunk and shoot it out, the story will be mildly interesting. But make the combatants the rural Clantons and the urban Earps, all motivated by the political and social complexities of a mining boomtown in the middle of cattle country. For good measure throw in a love triangle involving Johnny Behan, a young beauty named Josephine Marcus, and Wyatt Earp, and then you have a conflict that can be hotly debated for years.

If a cattle rustler is lynched after getting himself caught with a hot running iron and another feller's calf, a writer or two might spill a little ink over the remains. But if you turn the rustling into a two-way affair between powerful economic interests that both think they have legitimate claims and if you make one of the victims a likable and enigmatic young man and have him gunned down in the dark by a friend, then you have the timeless tale of Billy the Kid and the Lincoln County War.

If two individuals have a land squabble and one kills the other, the story will attract passing notice. But turn those two individuals into opposing cultures, say the Northern Plains Indians and a rapidly industrializing European-type civilization, boil that entire clash down to a single, brief battle, make the leaders flamboyant and controversial figures like Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, and Custer, and the events will be told and retold forever.

I suppose I could avoid including any controversial articles in TRUE WEST, but it would be a mighty dull magazine if I did. And the longer I edit this rag, the more neutral I've become in my own opinions while at the same time becoming more and more convinced there is no such thing as truly objective history. My solution has been to attempt to include a balance of articles representative of all the varied points of view about the Old West. I reckon if I have some folks patting me on the back for maintaining a traditional approach and others kicking me in the seat of my britches for turning the magazine over to the new historians, I must be on just about the right track.

John Joerschke

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Provoked Response

I greatly enjoy your magazines and congratulate you on providing a forum for research and opinions on some of the most interesting aspects of our history.

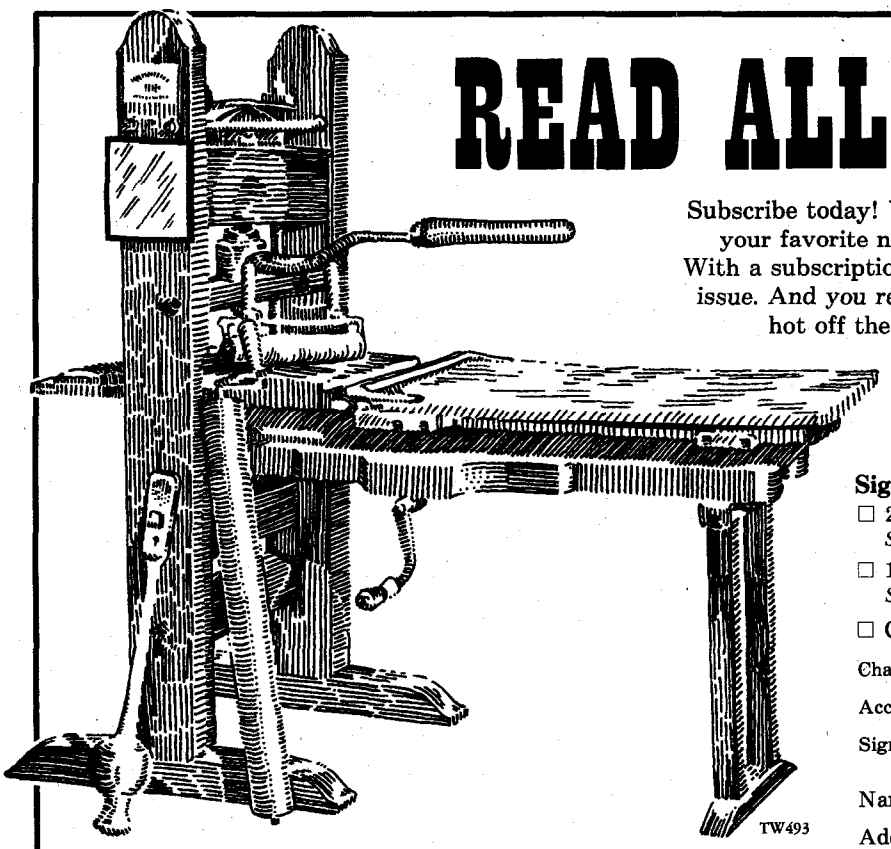
I cannot determine if in running the letters from Mr. Fountain and Ms. Faulkner in the February 1993 issue of TRUE WEST you were providing an open forum for all views, no matter how bigoted, or perhaps trying to provoke a response for "Truly Western." If the latter was your motive, then you got me.

As to the Indians, atrocities undoubtedly were committed by both red and white men. Who did what to whom, when, and under what provocation can be debated forever; however, the one incontrovertible fact is that the acts done to the Indians were commmitted against people on their own territory by alien interlopers who came to steal the land. Mr. Fountain advances the idea that those with superior technology have the right to do what they wish to those using less advanced technology. That philosophy is so repugnant to decent human beings that it is its own best counter argument.

General Custer's heroism would be better described as political ambition. Any officer in any well run military organization pulling a stunt such as he pulled would be relieved on the spot. Lines of communication, coordination of forces, and proper estimates of enemy strength are all part of any good officer's strategy and were all missing from Custer's as he sought headlines to put him in the minds of delegates for the forthcoming Republican presidential convention.

I suppose the Fountains and Faulkners of the world will dismiss my reply as the rantings of another African-American or Indian lover. I would take that as a compliment of the highest order. I have a fair amount of Cherokee blood, and if you read the history of the civilized tribes in the Southeast, you know that it follows that the Cherokee blood also carries some Negro blood.

Now that we have established that I am the kind of person that Fountain and Faulkner find despicable, they should



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also know that I was a Marine Corps officer who fought in Viet Nam and found that whites, blacks, Indians, a Lebanese and probably a few other people can all fight well and honorably for their country.—**Richard E. Hulslander, Mohnton, Pennsylvania.**

Truly Disgusted With Truly Western

I recently finished reading "Truly Western" in the February TRUE WEST. I was not impressed.

I was truly disgusted to read the letters about Indian history. Ms. Faulkner's complaints about the book advertisement were most disappointing. They reveal that she has not read any of the books she criticized.

George Custer was a foolish man, and frankly, I'm ashamed of his actions. He was a power-hungry glory hunter and was careless with the lives of his troops.

Indians are as honorable and trustworthy as anyone else. They are friends of this earth, not enemies, and I find that very noble.—**Rick Baker, Graham, Washington.**

Letters at Issue

I do not wish to subject TRUE WEST to an on-going debate in "Truly Western," but two letters in the February issue disturb me—"New World Order," by Scott Fountain, and "Revisionist Trash," by Sharon Faulkner, respectively.

The concept of "politically correct" articles and "revisionist history" certainly is not new. I'm certain both Fountain and Faulkner are aware of the works by McLaughlin, Vestal, Grinnell, Hyde, Neihardt, and others, researched and published years ago, long before Dee Brown, long before our contemporary Indian movement. Those familiar with the history of the West know of the early proponents of Indian rights in New York when the Indian Wars were still being fought in Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky. Those individuals were met with the same hostility in the mid-1800s as the so-called revisionists and politically correct authors are met today.

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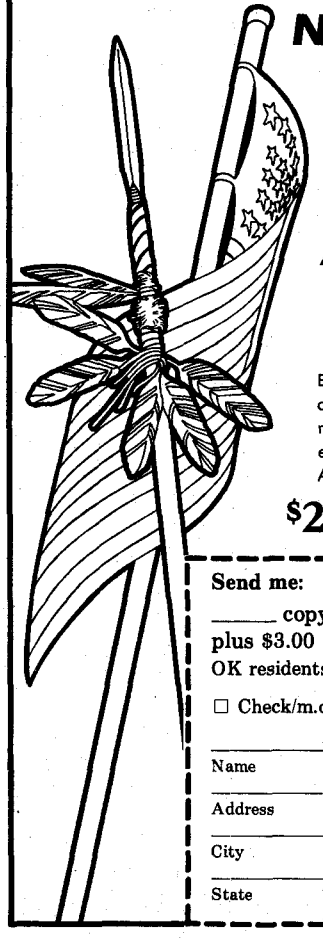

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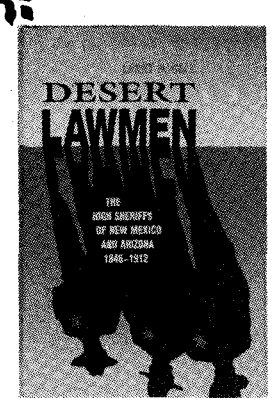

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troversy in the history of the West.

The Indian Wars are sometimes the most difficult to interpret. As the victors with a written record, we have an advantage. For researchers, any of the above mentioned Indian histories are of great assistance. No serious researcher goes to an Indian account—or any other source for that matter—with a closed mind. Faulkner's comment that Indian sources are debatable is, to some extent true, but some white sources are even less reliable. History is interpreted by authors and reflects their views. Fortunately for us readers, TRUE WEST's editors over the years have often presented both sides regarding controversial events, and for that we can be thankful.—**Robert E. DeZwaan, Jr., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Each One Beautiful

I must respond to Scott Fountain's letter to the editor in the February TRUE WEST. Though I do not agree with the notion of a so-called "New World Order," I certainly do not agree with Mr. Fountain, either. I will never understand such heated prejudice.

We are all part of God's creation, and He alone would have the right to sever anything from it. Indeed, there are many heroes in Old West history. And, yes, some of those heroes were black men. I suggest that prejudiced people who cannot cope with the truth in print go out to one of their flower beds, dig a hole large enough to hold their prejudice, mentally unload the prejudice into the hole, and then plant a lovely blooming plant in the hole. When it is covered with beautiful flowers, think of each bloom as a race of people that God created—each one beautiful!—**Mrs. Bulah Chapman, Porterville, California.**

Even-Handed and Fair-Minded

I delayed renewing my subscription until I had time to write a note concerning several letters to the editor you've published lately. First, I want to applaud your articles on women and minorities in the OLD WEST. I hope you keep printing them. For too long, people have been led to believe that only white males mattered in western history. (I think you should print a list of some of the better books that prove otherwise, such as *Black, Red and Deadly, Women and Indians on the Frontier*, etc.)

Secondly, I'm amazed that anyone would complain that your conservative magazine is pushing "revisionist" his-

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tory. You seem pretty even-handed and fair-minded to me after some of the revisionist history I've ready lately.

Third, I wish there were a rule that one has to actually *read* a book before attacking it, the author, and/or the publication advertising it. I would lay odds that the New Mexico lady who complained about *The Honor of Arms* and *Ghost Dance Messiah* has not read either of those books. I know Charles Convis, and he writes with integrity. We could debate all day who the "bravest Indian fighter" was (and have meetings of the Order of the Indian Wars, to which I belong). I haven't read the one about the "brutalized" California Indians so will reserve comment. I wonder if she has actually read it.

Finally, she may also be offended that *Ghost Dance Messiah* calls Wevoka "the Indian Jesus," but that doesn't change history. She is either overlooking or is just plain ignorant of the fact that the Ghost Dance was a skewered version of the Christian religion and many Indians sincerely believed that Wevoka was indeed the Messiah. Her being upset does not and cannot change that. If I have a complaint about that particular book, it is that it is actually a novel, which is not stated in the ad. Bailey's other, nonfiction, book on the subject, *Wevoka, the Indian Messiah,* is a much better book.—**Lynne Murphy, Edmond, Oklahoma.**

Footnotes On Track

"Showdown at San Vicente: The Case that Butch and Sundance Died in Bolivia," by Anne Meadows and Dan Buck (TRUE WEST, February 1993) is first-rate; there is no need to apologize for the footnotes, which seem very appropriate. As a matter of fact, unless an article is a first-person account, I am a bit suspicious and even put out if it does not mention its sources, indicating that major references upon which the writer probably leaned rather heavily have not been credited. You would think ethics would demand that.—**Troy S. Tuggle, King City, California.**

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by Western Publications will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address, and zip code. Photos welcome. Address all letters to Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose letters appear in "Truly Western."

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Pipe Spring is Historian's Oasis

By JANET FARNSWORTH

The Arizona Strip, that wild, lonesome territory stretching from the north rim of the Grand Canyon to the Utah border, is a rugged, windswept land. Nestled in the heart of this 9,000-square-mile arid region is Pipe Spring National Monument. Cold water—at the rate of fifty gallons per minute—gushes from the natural spring, refreshing visitors today as it has for centuries.

Originally built as a fort, this little-known national monument depicts the everyday life of the pioneers and ranchers who settled the remote northwestern corner of Arizona. Located on the Kaibab-Paiute Indian Reservation fourteen miles west of Fredonia, Arizona, on Highway 389, the monument has changed little since it was built in 1870. It serves as a memorial to those settlers who withstood a hard and lonely life to establish homes in Utah and Arizona.

Guides in period dress show visitors through rooms furnished with quilts, dishes, and furniture from the 1800s. Pioneer demonstrations are given every day except Thursday. Visitors are allowed to wander around the ponds, gardens, and orchards of this high-desert haven.

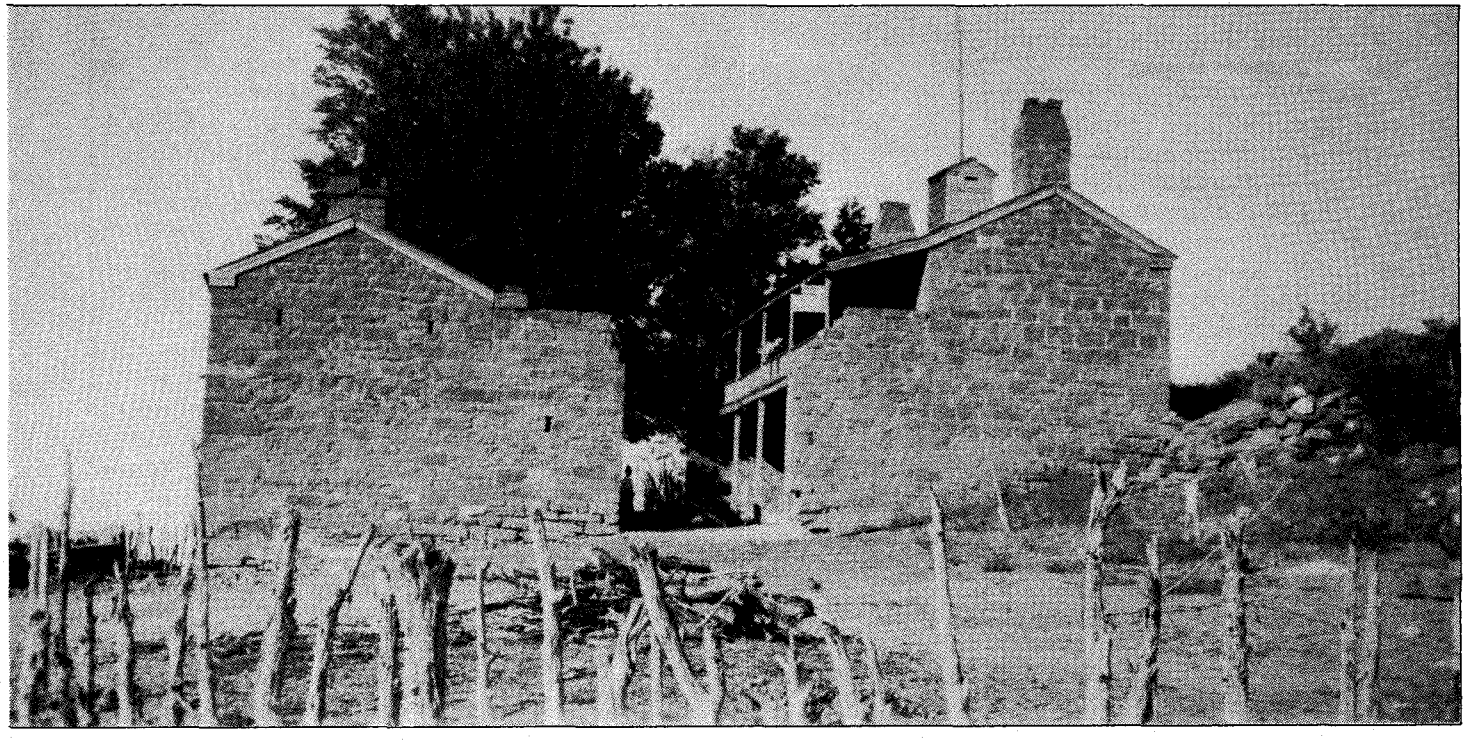
As one of only a few natural springs in the harsh Arizona Strip, Pipe Spring served as an important oasis. Indians first used it as early as 500 AD, and later explorers, pioneers, soldiers, and cowboys came to know it as a dependable source of water in a parched land. Rain falling on sandstone cliffs gradually percolates down to feed the spring at the base of a bluff.

The Strip, the size of the state of Massachusetts, still remains cut off from the rest of Arizona by the Grand Canyon. A steel bridge, spanning 500-foot-deep Marble Canyon, is the only Arizona access to the isolated region of soaring red cliffs and vast sagebrush flats. Most of the Strip's 5,000 residents live in either Fredonia or Colorado City, Arizona.

Jacob Hamblin, a Mormon missionary and explorer, led a party into the desolate area in the 1850s. According to legend, the group tried to trick Jacob's brother, William (known as Gunlock Bill) by challenging him to shoot a hole through a silk handkerchief tied to a limb fifty yards away. Each time he shot, the air ahead of the bullet pushed the handkerchief aside and it appeared that Hamblin had missed.

William soon became irate at the pranksters. To prove his marksmanship, he placed a pipe the same fifty yards away and shot the bottom out without breaking the sides. From then on the oasis was known as Pipe Spring.

Dr. James Whitmore established a cattle ranch with Pipe Spring as his



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An early photo of Pipe Spring National Monument.

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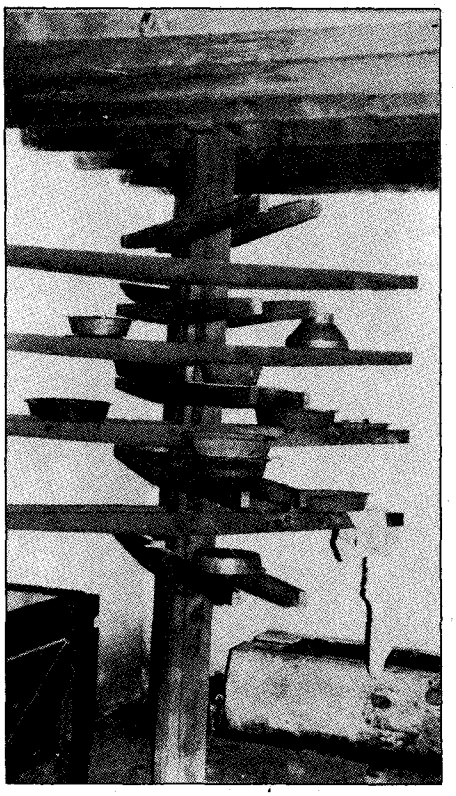


Richard Farnsworth

A pan holder that held pans of milk used to make butter and cheese in the Spring Room at Pipe Spring National Monument.

headquarters in 1863. He built a dugout, planted grapevines, and gradually improved his homestead. But in January 1866, Navajo Indians killed Whitmore and his herder, Robert McIntyre, and the spring was abandoned for a time.

In 1870, Mormon Church President Brigham Young chose Pipe Spring as headquarters for the church's growing herd of tithed cattle. Devout Mormons donated ten percent of all they earned to the church. Members who were short on cash paid their tithe in cattle and the church had a large herd.

Anson Perry Winsor became superintendent of the ranch, first called Canaan Cooperative Stock Company, with a salary of $1,200 per year. Wanting a headquarters that could hold off Indian attacks, he began construction of a fort.

Built from red sandstone quarried from the nearby Vermillion Cliffs, the building blends with the scenery. Workers used an ancient Egyptian method to break large boulders into smaller pieces. The settlers drilled holes in natural fractures of the rocks, drove wooden pegs in the holes, then poured water on the pegs. As the wood swelled, it split the rock apart.

Because the structure was so imposing and associated with Winsor, it naturally became known as "Winsor Castle." It consists of two buildings facing a peaceful courtyard, with stone walls and massive, eleven-foot-tall wooden gates connecting their ends.

Winsor erected the two-story fort over the top of the spring, insuring water in case of a siege. The spring flows from the north building under the courtyard, then through the spring room of the south building in an open trough.

The cold clear water, at a constant fifty-six degrees, keeps the spring room cool, perfect for making cheese and butter. Pans of milk were placed in the trough to stay cool and sweet while the cream rose to the top. After the cream was skimmed off, children would churn it into butter by working the plungers of their churns while rocking in rocking chairs. The butter and cheese were shipped to St. George, Utah, by wagon.

The spring exits from under the wall of the fort to form a pond providing irrigation water for the garden and orchard. They are still used, and geese and ducks swim around the ponds.

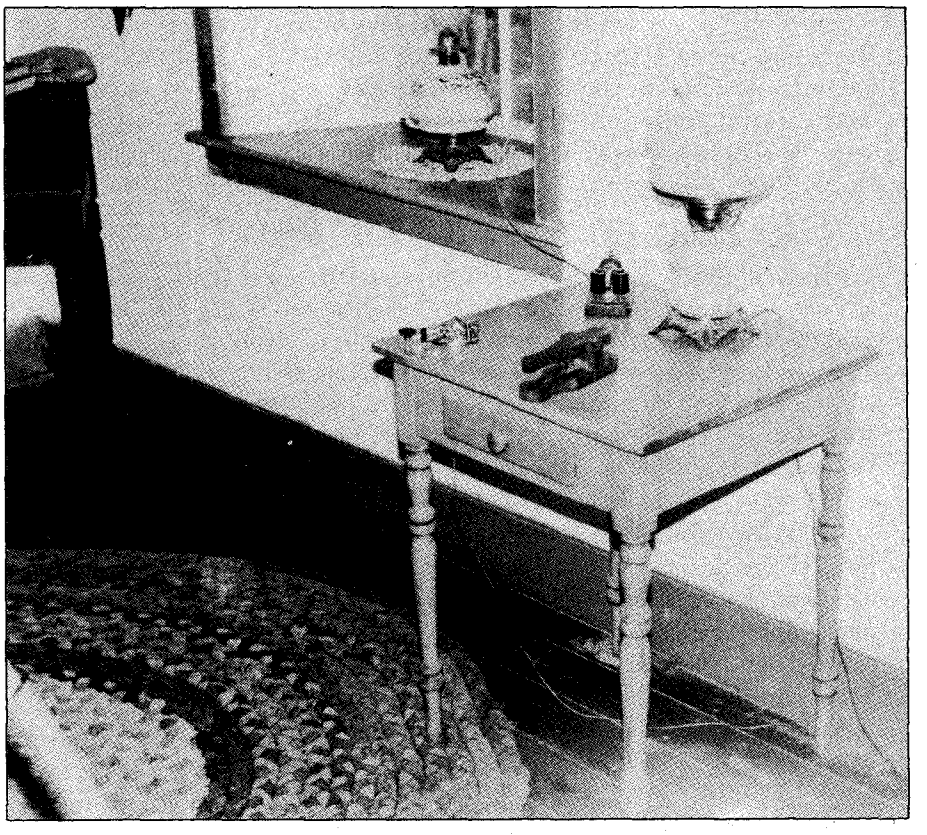
Twenty-three rifle ports are the only openings on the outside walls. All windows face the courtyard, which provided a protected place for the women to work while the children played. However, Indians signed a peace treaty before the fort was completed; the structure was never used for defense but became home to a successful ranching operation.

In 1871 Winsor Castle obtained a telegraph; Eliza Louella Stewart was its operator. Linked to St. George and Salt Lake City, Utah, (but to no place in Arizona) the telegraph kept fort occupants abreast of affairs in the Mormon Church. Boundary lines were not clearly marked and everyone assumed that Pipe Spring was in Utah. They discovered the next year, however, that Pipe Spring actually lay in Arizona, ten miles south of the Utah border. That made the fort the first telegraph office in Arizona and Miss Stewart Arizona's first telegrapher.

In 1872 some small gold deposits were discovered on gravel bars where Kanab Creek enters the Grand Canyon. For a few weeks Pipe Spring did a lively business in groceries as miners rushed to the new bonanza.

The would-be miners soon found the rising Colorado River had covered the gravel bars and those who tried sluicing realized the gold was too fine to recover very much. As the discouraged men filed back through Pipe Spring, many stopped for a free meal before they headed on to the next gold strike.

John Wesley Powell, the famous



Richard Farnsworth

Arizona's first telegraph was at the Pipe Spring fort.

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Grand Canyon explorer, sometimes used Pipe Spring as headquarters during his survey trips and negotiations with the Indians. Just west of the fort is the bunkhouse he and his boatmen occupied during his second expedition through the Grand Canyon.

After completion of a Mormon Temple in St. George, Pipe Spring became an important stopover for another group. Mormon couples from Arizona and southern Utah traveled the wagon road to have their marriages "sealed for time and eternity" in the temple. So many couples followed the route from southern Arizona through Pipe Spring to St. George that they nicknamed it the Honeymoon Trail.

By 1879 Pipe Spring was doing a thriving business in cheese, butter, and beef. The frontier ranch had 2,269 head of cattle and 162 horses. Other ranchers brought over 50,000 head of cattle to graze on the wide open grasslands. Large herds of sheep fed on the high desert grass, too. The land was already overgrazed when a severe drought hit.

As the land could no longer sustain a large herd of cattle, many of the ranchers moved on, leaving behind damaged grasslands that have never recovered. The Mormon Church decided to sell Pipe Spring in 1888. The ranch went through a series of owners until President Warren G. Harding proclaimed it a national monument in 1923.

Pipe Spring National Monument is open from 8:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. daily. Admission is one dollar per person; those under seventeen and over sixty-two are admitted free.

The fort contains exhibits and videos, a coffee shop, and a bookstore. In season, visitors can purchase fruits and vegetables raised at the fort. Restaurants and motels are available in Fredonia or nearby Kanab, Utah. Visitors can picnic at the fort, and a private campground with RV hookups is available one-half mile from the monument. Other attractions in the area include the Grand Canyon, Bryce and Zion National parks, Marble Canyon, Glen Canyon Dam and Lake Powell, Cedar Breaks National Monument, and the Navajo Reservation.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least four months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information including photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

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Answer Man

Holiday Hanging

By CHUCK PARSONS

Curtis D. and Ruth Craig of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, recently visited McDade, Texas, where in 1883 vigilantes hanged several outlaws on Christmas Eve. The incident precipitated a gunfight the next day. The Craigs wrote to ask what sparked those events.

McDade is close to the Yegua Knobs area, where the corners of Lee, Williamson, and Bastrop counties meet. The area became a center for a gang of horse thieves after the Civil War.

Thefts became so rampant that by the mid-1870s vigilante groups had formed to combat the rustlers. They lynched two suspected outlaws, men named Land and Waddell, in January 1875.

The outlaws struck next, bushwhacking and killing Horace Alsup on a roadside. In September they killed Bill Craddock who had seen some of the rustlers in action and testified against them.

Vigilantes retaliated, hanging Howard Cordell, described as a "hereditary horse thief." The area drew statewide attention when Turk Turner and James H. Crow were killed in March 1876 after they were caught with stolen hides. To "teach others" a lesson, their bodies were wrapped in the stolen skins.

On June 27, 1877, at a dance at the home of Pat Earhart, vigilantes captured four suspected rustlers, took them outside, and hanged them. C.L. Sonnichsen made much of the incident in the chapter "Four on a Limb," in his classic feud book *I'll Die Before I'll Run.*

In August 1883, someone shot at George Milton in his store but missed, and in November 1883 a merchant named Keuffel and his clerk were robbed and murdered. Allen Wynn, a partner of Milton's, was then robbed and wounded.

On December 1, 1883, a Lee County deputy sheriff named Heffington was killed. On Christmas Eve vigilantes took brothers Thad and Wright McLemore and Henry Pfeiffer, suspects in Heffington's death, from the Rock Front saloon and lynched them. On Christmas Day, friends of the McLemores came to McDade. Angry words and accusations led to gunfire and a street battle. When it was over, Az and Jack Beatty and Willie Griffin were dead, the latter being a bystander. Charley Goodman and Robert Stevens were wounded. The problems were then turned over to the courts but on November 1, 1884, all charges relating to the events were dropped.

Luckett P. Bishop, Sr., son of Thomas P. Bishop who was a close friend of George Milton, authored a lengthy history of the events leading up to the Christmas Day gun battle. It appeared in the July 1965 *Frontier Times.*

Gambler and Killer

Factual Western characters often find their way into Western fiction. One such character, gunfighter and gambler Langford Peel, has appeared in several Louis L'Amour books. Arthur W. Clay-

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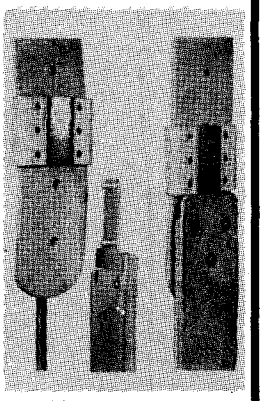

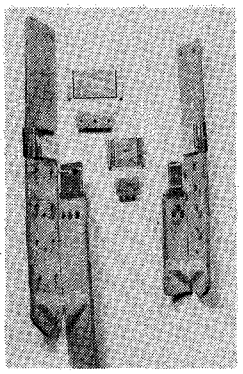

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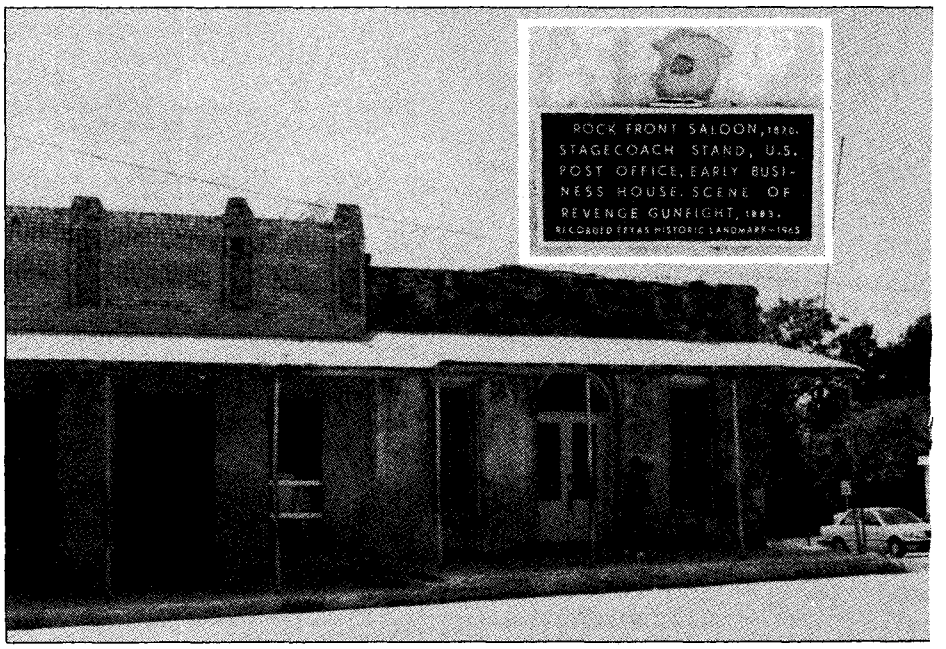

Curtis D. and Ruth Craig

A historic marker (inset) commemorates the Christmas Day gun battle at the Rock Front saloon.

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ton of Decatur, Illinois, wants to know the facts about him.

Langford "Farmer" Peel was born in England, probably about 1830. When he came to the United States is uncertain, but he served as a cavalry bugler in the Mexican War. After his discharge at St. Louis, he married, then served in the army again for a brief time. He became a full-time gambler and had appeared in Leavenworth, Kansas, by 1856.

Two years later he showed up in Salt Lake City, Utah, broke. Peel always seemed to make close friends or bitter enemies—nothing in between—and soon after arriving in Salt Lake City he got into a fight with faro dealer Oliver Rucker when the latter refused Peel's bet. Rucker severely wounded Peel but Peel killed Rucker.

After recovering, Peel moved to California, then went to Virginia City, Nevada. He got into another fight, wounding opponent Richard Paddock. John "El Dorado Johnny" Dennis then challenged Peel; Peel won and had the courtesy to pay Dennis' funeral expenses. Peel reportedly killed six men before leaving Virginia City.

Peel feuded with another noted gambler, John Bull, but the two managed to patch up their differences and left Virginia City together in 1867. They soon moved to Helena, Montana Territory. On July 22, 1867, Peel and Bull again quarreled in a gambling den. Later that night Bull shot Peel three times; each shot would have been fatal. Bull was saved from a lynch mob and stood trial but was released when the jury could not reach an agreement. He left the area.

Pony Deal

Facts and legends about Tombstone, Arizona, have given a degree of notoriety to many shadowy figures associated with that place. Ronald C. Buermeier of Cincinatti, Ohio, wants to know more about one of them, a man called "Pony Deal."

Pony Deal (sometimes spelled Deals or Diehl) was actually Charles T. Ray, born in 1849 at Rock Island, Illinois. The alias "Pony" strongly suggests a casual dealing with the horses of others. He was in Kansas in the 1870s, then in Las Cruces, New Mexico, by 1876. Ray was associated with John Kinney's rustling gang, and may have been with Kinney in Lincoln County in 1878.

Ray then showed up in Tombstone. According to Wyatt Earp, Ray was on the streets the night marshal Fred White was killed. Ray was a friend of Sherman McMasters and they were accused of at least one stagecoach robbery. McMasters was a close friend of the Earps and Doc Holliday.

Pima County Deputy Sheriff J.W. Evarts arrested Ray in late summer 1881 for stage robbery. However, Ray escaped before standing trial.

In February 1882, Ray and some others were arrested in Cisco, Texas, but he managed to escape again and elude prosecution. The law finally caught up with him and he was convicted of rustling and sentenced to a five-year term in the New Mexico territorial prison. On February 20, 1885, Ray escaped but was recaptured four days later. Even with his record of escape, Ray was pardoned March 14, 1887.

A member of the Apache Kid's band killed a Bill Diehl in 1887, but whether the man was the real "Pony Deal" is uncertain. Regardless, Charles T. Ray disappeared from history at that time.

Jim Kelly

Ray Bock, Jr., of Hannibal, Missouri, recently read Leon Metz's book *The Shooters* and would like to know more about a black gunman and trail boss discussed in the book—Jim Kelly.

Kelly, known as "Nigger Jim," was born a free black in 1839 in Williamson County, Texas. He was an exceptionally fine horse trainer and cowboy. Fearless and reliable, Kelly worked his way up until Print Olive chose him to be his trail boss.

On July 27, 1872, James W. Kenedy began shooting at Print Olive in an Ellsworth, Kansas, card parlor. Kelly saved Olive's life by shooting and seriously wounding Kenedy; Kelly then returned to Texas with Olive by train.

Kelly continued to drive herds north to the Kansas and Nebraska markets and eventually settled in Nebraska. He died in February 1912 at Ansley, Nebraska, where he is buried.

The Founding of Garland

Otto Garland Gilchrist of Somerville, Alabama, has two questions, both relating to his name. First, he wants to know if a man named "Gilcrease" ever rode with the James gang; second, he asks for information on the founding of Garland, Texas.

None of the lists of James gang members carry the name of Gilcrease, or a variant of it. As for Garland, in Dallas County, Texas, the place was originally known as Duck Creek community. When the railroads came in 1886 it was renamed Embree for Dr. K.H. Embree. When the "Katy" Railroad arrived in town, its name was changed again, that time to Garland in honor of H.A. Garland, United States attorney general under President Grover Cleveland.

Garland was incorporated in 1891. It had a population of about 2,000 in 1940 but World War II war industries drove the population to 10,000 by war's end. Today Garland boasts a population of about 200,000.

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose questions appear in "Answer Man."

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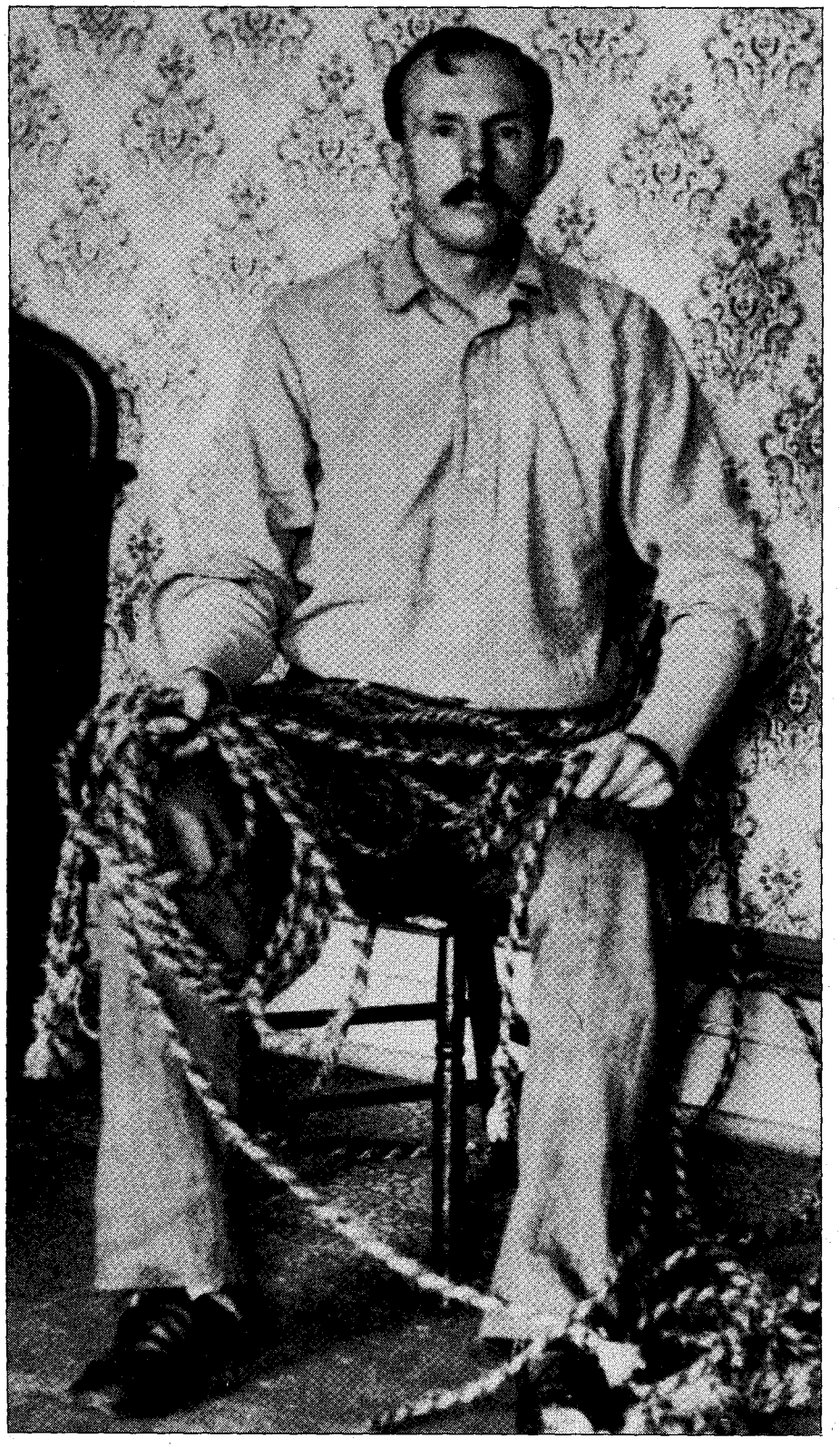
Tom Horn, the Langhoffs, and the "System That Never Failed"

By CHIP CARLSON



American Heritage Center, University of Wyoming

Tom Horn.

In his memoirs, Gus Rosentreter recalls being an unwilling "deputy" at Tom Horn's arrest of the Langhoff gang of cattle rustlers. "One day when I rode into the Plaga Ranch, I found the Two Bar manager, Al Bowie, and Tom Horn there. They were watching a neighbor who had been butchering Two Bar cattle, and they wanted me to go with them.

"I told them I did not care about going, but Raymond Henke spoke up and said, 'You had about as well make up your mind to go as Tom Horn will deputize you anyway.'

"I went, and when we got to the place, they had several beef hanging up in a shed. One man had a big butcher knife in his hand and talked big. Tom Horn told him, 'Drop that knife or I'll put a bullet through your head.' The knife dropped and the show was over. . . . I heard later that one of the prisoners was sent to the penitentiary for a year, and the rest of the guilty ones left the country."

ROSENTRETER'S accounts of the arrest, along with legal papers and newspaper stories document the soon-to-be-notorious stock detective's earliest known presence in Wyoming. After a lenient judicial system failed to convict and punish the rustlers to his satisfaction, Tom Horn decided to take future matters into his own hands. Ten years later, he strangled to death in a hangman's noose the day before his forty-third birthday. He was as much a victim of his own alleged methods as of a questionable legal system and a society that wanted to be rid of him.

Following a one-year stint as a Pinkerton's man in Colorado, in 1892 Tom Horn was hired by John Clay, manager of the Swan Land and Cattle Company's holdings. Clay was also president of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association. While the precise date of Horn's entry into the Wyoming cattle industry cannot be fixed, C.W. "Doc" Shores, who worked with him at Pinkerton's, stated that Clay had hired him in 1892. Shores

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contended that Clay had hired Horn purportedly as a horse breaker for the Two Bar, one of the Swan's principal operations. Shore believed Horn's reputation preceded him, however, and his real function was to act as a detective and surreptitiously gather evidence of rustling, a major threat to the industry.

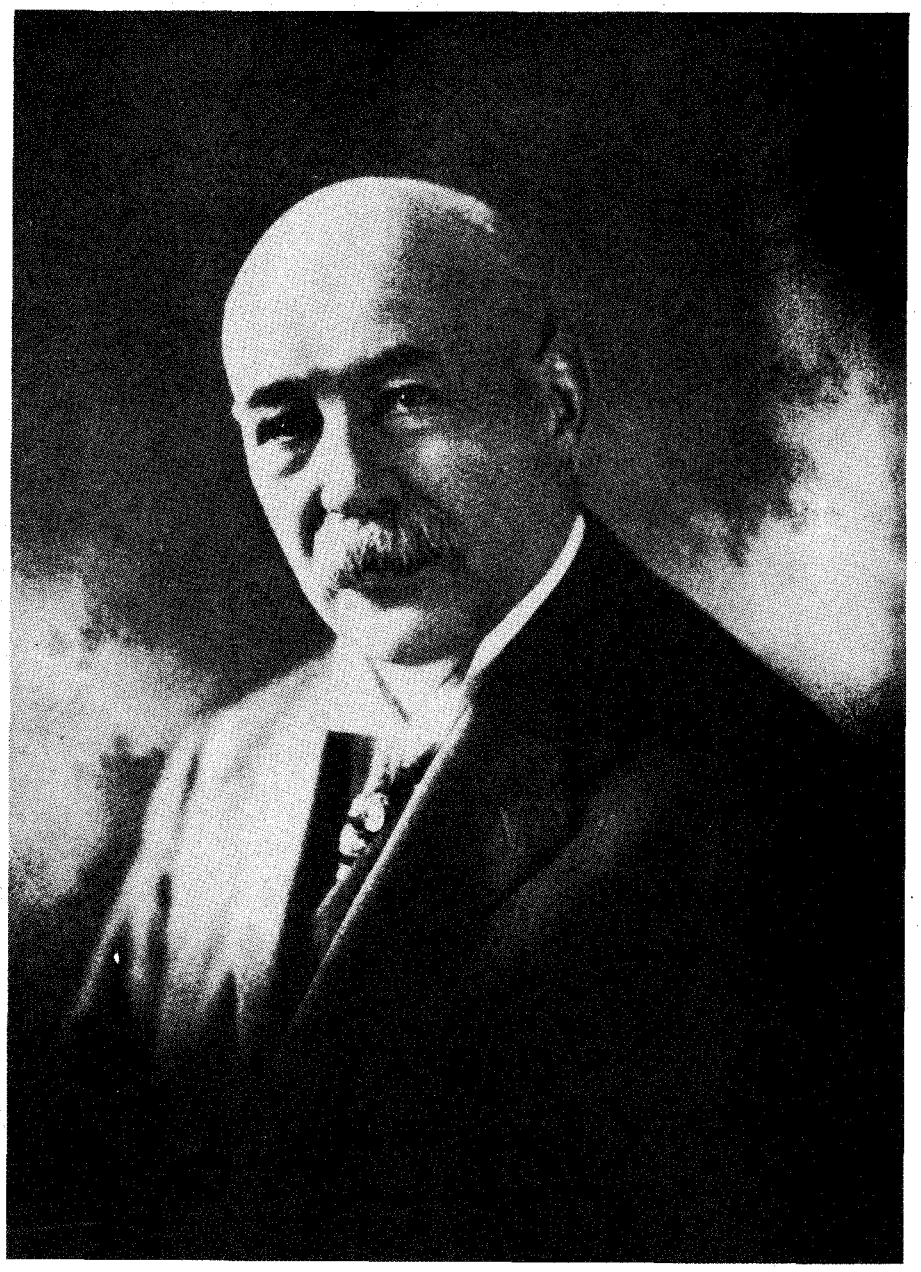
In reality, the Wyoming cattle industry as the "barons" had known it had been in decline for years. Absentee management, leveraged debt, inflated head counts, and overstocked ranges all pointed to a financial disaster in the making. The searing drought of 1886 and the devastating winters that followed drove one more nail into the coffin of the large cattle outfits.

But the big operators were not entirely mistaken in their contention that rustling posed a serious economic threat. The influx of settlers that followed the Homestead Act and the subduing of the Indians created conditions that inevitably led to conflict. Although many of the settlers filed claims on the best bottom lands, they could not prosper on small acreages in Wyoming's arid, cool climate. An occasional stray head of beef was a temptation the homesteader with a growing family on 160 acres could not ignore. To control rustling the Wyoming Stock Growers Association and major outfits had no choice but to employ private detectives.

Most operated within the limits of their commissions; others did not. In the mid-1880s, a detective employed by the WSGA wrote to the association's secretary, an officer of the organization, about a situation in which a gang of thieves were rounding up all the cattle they could and would not allow legitimate cattlemen near the herd. The detective thought it would be a good idea to kill them first. The secretary replied that he could understand the situation. The detective could hire a couple of men to help him if necessary and, yes, it would be all right to kill the thieves before he arrested them.

While such arrogance among the barons had diminished by the time of Tom Horn's arrival, the rustling problem and lawlessness in general remained a factor to contend with in the rugged, remote Sybille country northwest of Cheyenne.

Fred Langhoff had settled on the Main Sybille Creek in the mid-1880s. He was married to Evaline Farrell, the daughter of parents who had come from Colorado and settled in the Little Laramie River area. Fred's disregard of the law was first documented in 1886 when John Quarms sued him for $81.17. Fred had failed to pay that amount for goods he had purchased from Quarms on credit. The matter was settled out of court.



Wyoming State Museum

John Clay.

On August 2, 1892, the state issued a bench warrant for Fred's arrest on charges of horse stealing. The specifics in the grand larceny, Case 381 of Docket 3, indicate that on June 10 Fred stole eight horses valued at seventy dollars each from John C. Coble, seventeen horses valued at fifty dollars each from the Laramie River Cattle Company, and one horse valued at fifty dollars from the Inter Ocean Hereford Association. (Coble would become Tom Horn's close friend and paid a major part of his legal fees ten years later.)

Case 382 concurrently stated that Eva Langhoff, Lewis (sic, Louis) Bath, and Thomas Boucher "feloniously did steal, take and carry away, lead away, ride away and drive away" the same horseflesh. A second count charged the three had bought, received, and concealed the stock knowing it was stolen.

For reasons that are unclear, the cases were dismissed November 22. A third charge outlined in Case 397, however, accused Fred, Eva, Bath, and Boucher of stealing eight horses from John C. Coble and Victor Coffman, partners doing business as Coble and Coffman, and of stealing one horse belonging to the Royal Horse Association. A second count accused the four of buying and receiving the horses from a "certain evil

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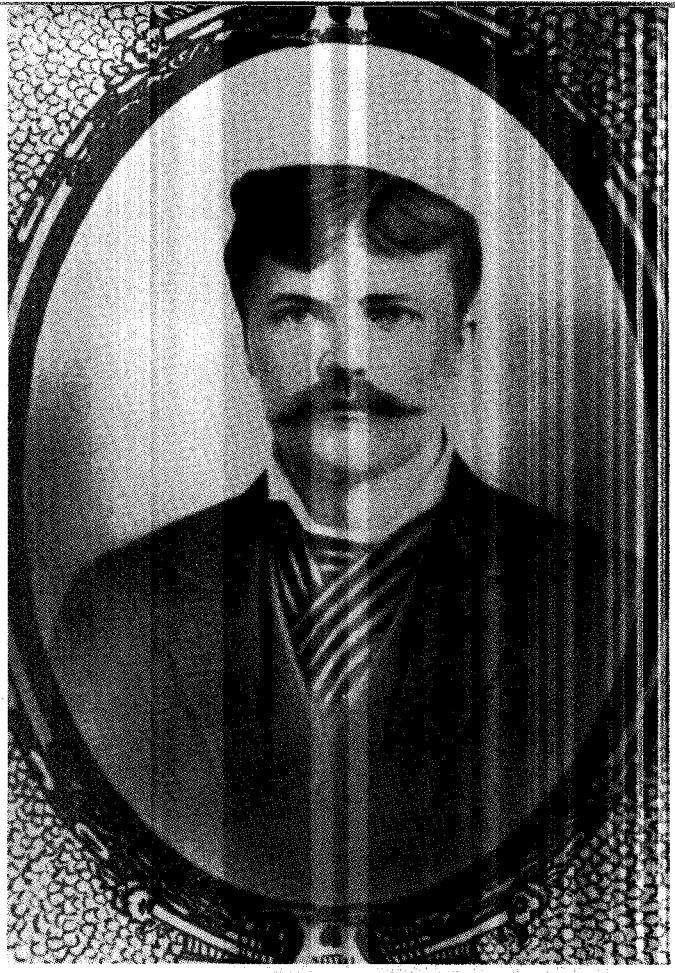

Both: Wyoming State Museum

Left: Fred Langhoff.
Right: Eva Langhoff.

disposed person or evil disposed persons" unknown to the county and prosecuting attorney, John M. Davidson.

While the authorities apparently felt they had a solid case and were prepared to throw the book at the four perpetrators, the defendants were equally determined. Both sides prepared affidavits and subpoenaed a full slate of witnesses for the trial, which was first set for December 15 but then continued until June 2 and subsequently June 15, 1893.

The prosecution indicated it intended to call such prominent cattle owners and their cohorts as Coble, Al Bowie, Mrs. J. Steele, Mr. and Mrs. William Radicle, and John Clay. Two other prosecution witnessess from a less elite social level were William Owens and James Moore; they were also subpoenaed by the defense. Further, the defense subpoenaed C.C. Randel on May 23, 1893, to provide a copy of the bill of lading reflecting that on June 10 Langhoff shipped allegedly stolen horses to McErwin and Kellogg in Owensboro, Kentucky.

Besides Owens and Moore, defense attorney Hugo Donzelmann indicated he would call Ed, George, and Thomas Moore; Raymond and Rudolf Henke; Lou Bath's brother, Phil; and William Atkinson. After the case was continued until June, Fred Langhoff petitioned for a reduction in bail from $2,500 to $1,500. He said he had never intimated that he would attempt to "fly from the jurisdiction of this Court" and had not done so while out on bail, and that the prosecution's statements that he would were false.

PLEADING POVERTY, Fred also stated that his only assets were 160 acres of land valued at $800 and another 160 acres on which he had filed but did not have title. He further stated that Eva owned 200 acres with some improvements, 130 cattle, and 45 horses, all of which was valued at $4,170. Eva's assets, however, were mortgaged to a party by the name of Suggette in the amount of $2,150 and to the Laramie National Bank "and others" in the amount of $1,340. He said further that Eva's herd of cattle had dropped from an original 200 head because of death, so that the couple's total net assets were no more than $500.

As matters proceeded, the defense indictated it would prove the Langhoffs and their partners innocent by obtaining a statement from William Owens that he legally owned the horse purportedly stolen from the Royal Horse Association and had sold it to a party named Drake, who sold it to Fred.

Fred's affidavit also called for William Atkinson to testify that on or about June 1, 1892, James Moore was the rightful owner of the eight horses that supposedly belonged to Coble and Hoffman. Moreover, Moore was said to have offered the horses for sale to Atkinson on the same date, an interesting contradiction to the facts that Langhoff said he'd never claimed to be the owner of the horses when he shipped them and that Moore was on trial from May 31 until June 1, 1892, for stealing a saddle belonging to William Rainsford, owner of the Diamond horse ranch.

Moore was convicted and sentenced to three years at hard labor in the penitentiary in Laramie. Governor Amos W. Barber pardoned him on

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January 10, 1893, the result of a petition signed in mid-December 1892 by such major Wyoming figures (many prominent in the cattle business) as Henry G. Hay, I.C. Whipple, William Sturgis, Walter R. Stoll (who later successfully prosecuted Tom Horn), Samuel Corson, T.F. Burke (one of Horn's defense lawyers), C.H. Riner, and others. The thrust of the petition was that Moore had been instrumental in gathering evidence of horse thievery and illegal shipments by unnamed parties who were then in jail pending litigation.

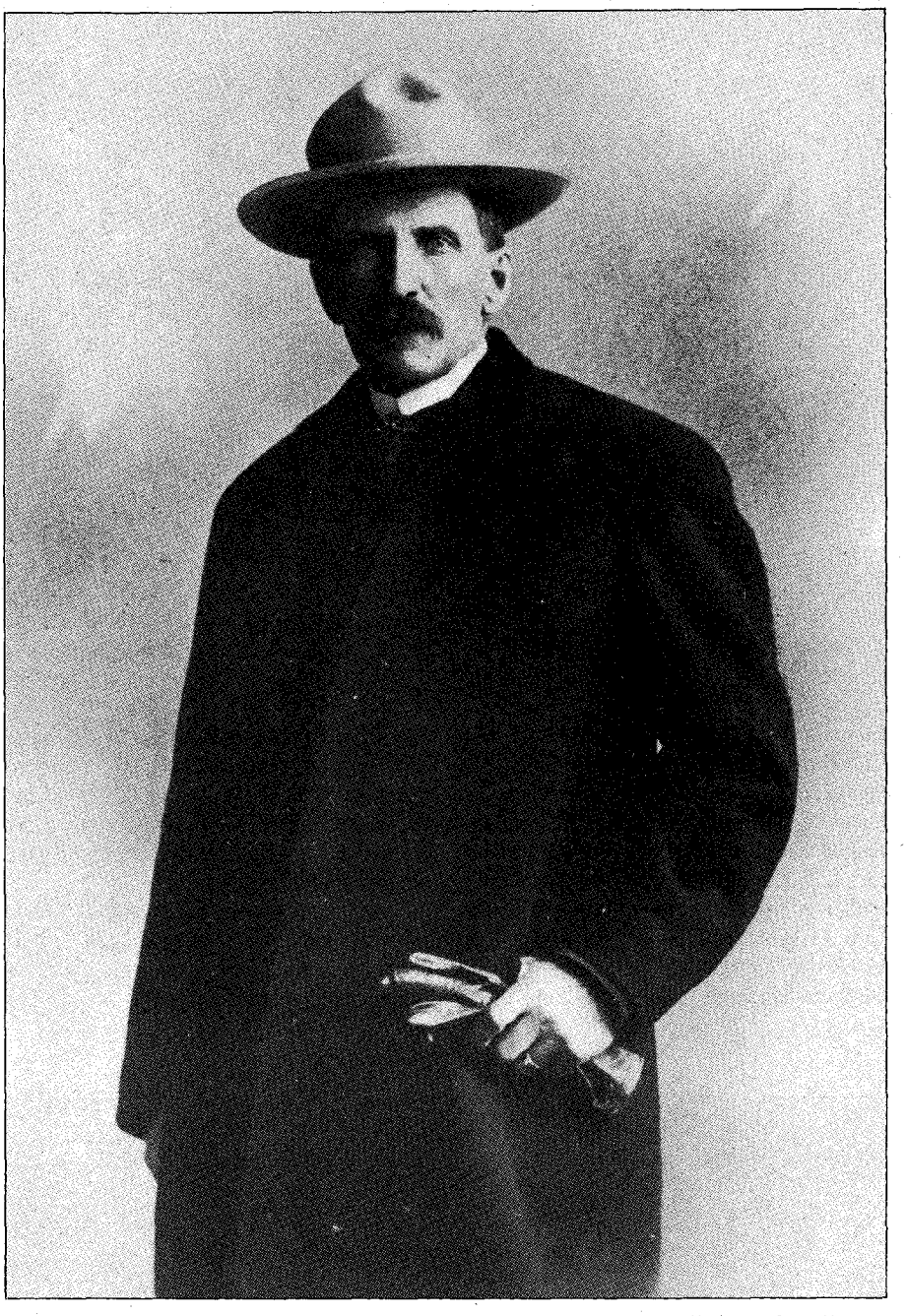
Ironically, at the time of Langhoff's request for the Moore subpoena, Moore was on trial for cattle theft. He escaped and disappeared, and it was noted he had been wanted for murder in Texas for twelve years.

THE PROSECUTION was also ready to counter the allegation that Fred Langhoff never stated he owned the horses. It subpoenaed the consignee to produce the bill of lading that would show Fred was the shipper and apparently claimed ownership.

When the matter finally came to trial, Fred had jumped bail and was never seen in the area again. The jury acquitted Eva, Lou Bath, and Thomas Boucher. A final document in the file indicated that the prosecution moved to drop the charges against Fred because of his long absence.

Leslie Sommer, a neighbor on an adjacent ranch on the Sybille, commented years later that there were interesting goings-on on the Langhoff spread. Sommer described Fred as a good cattleman but a better horse trader. There were many visitors, and Eva Langhoff's charms were so irresistible that the traders felt they had been dealt with fairly even if the financial rewards of their negotiations were lower than expected. One party named only as "Suzette," had made a deal he soon regretted with the Langhoffs, because they had possession of his horses. He complained to the authorities about the deal, but before they could investigate, Suzette was found hanging from a tree. Sommer mentioned that after that incident Fred was never seen in the area again.

Eva Langhoff and Lou Bath did not stay out of trouble long. Their next arrest marked Tom Horn's fateful appearance in Wyoming. On November 14, 1893, the Laramie *Boomerang* reported, "Deputy Sheriff Horn arrived in the city this afternoon from the Sybille with five prisoners whom he had arrested [on November 12] in the Sybille country and taken across to Iron Mountain, where he boarded the train. The prisoners were Wm. Taylor, L. Bath, L. Cleve and wife and Mrs. Langhoff. All are charged with stealing cattle and killing beef" from the Swan and others. The *Boomerang* said foreman Al Bowie had Horn deputized and had put him to work watching the suspects. It further said that one of the defendants had sold a number of calves in Laramie two weeks before and had contracted to deliver more.



Wyoming State Museum

Al Bowie.

The next day the paper reported that the preliminary hearing was to be November 16 and that Mrs. Langhoff had her three children with her. Bond was set at $500 each, and the accused were remanded to the care of the sheriff until bond was secured.

Tom Horn told the paper that Sheriff Friedendall of Laramie County had deputized him in mid-October because the Swan had "long suspected that cattle were being illegitimately killed by the parties arrested." He added that the suspects did not have any cattle of their own, and that on the last day of October he saw them load three calves in a wagon, bring them to town, and deliver them to Balch's market. After inspecting Langhoff's barn, he determined he had enough evidence to make an arrest and noted unbranded calves were follow-

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The "Never-Defeated" University of Wyoming football team. Lou Bath is seated at the far right.

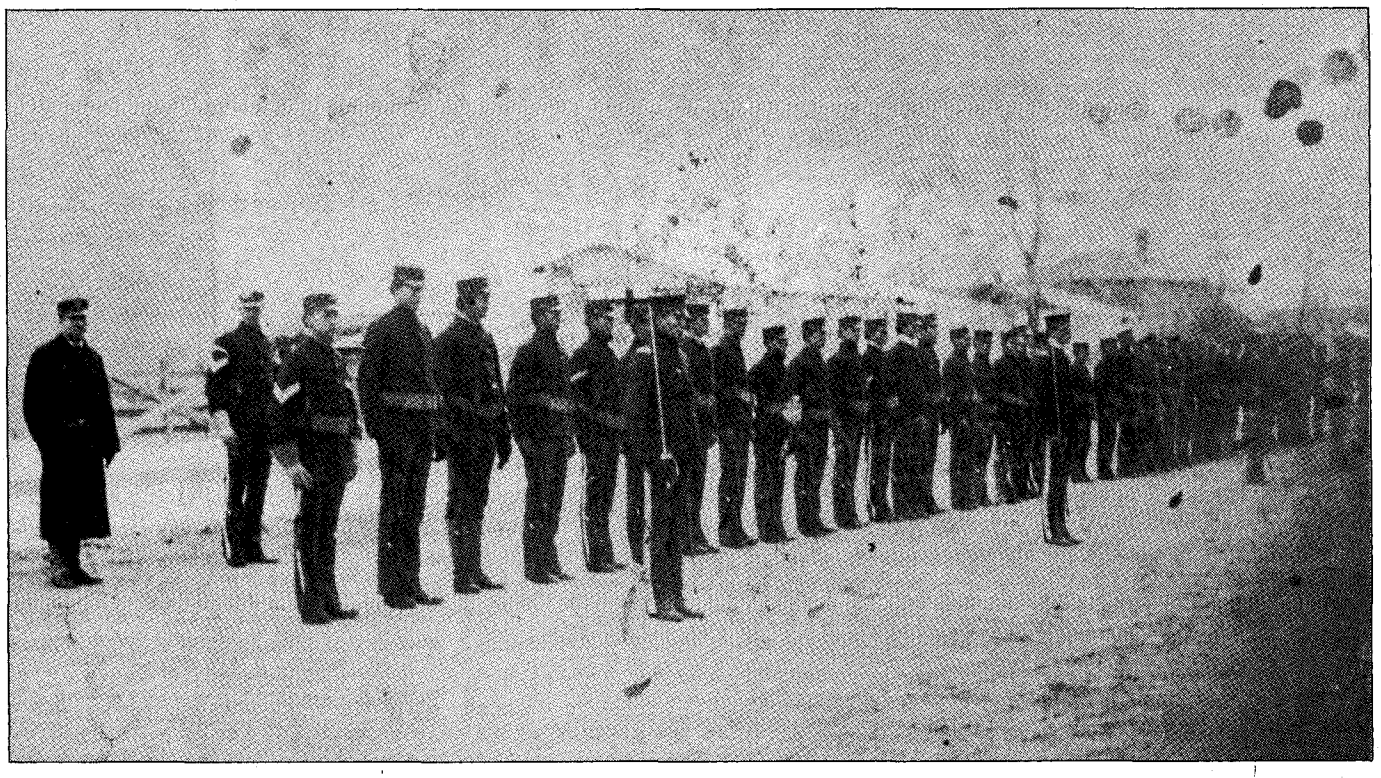
ing the Swan's Two Bar cows at the Langhoff place. He had lain in the hills for almost three weeks, watching the suspects "night and day," and then obtained third-party witnesses who could identify the calves.

When Horn saw Mrs. Langhoff and Louis Bath drive five calves and a cow toward their spread, he was convinced they were going to butcher the animals. He went to get Al Bowie, "two Henke boys and a German friend," the sixteen-year-old Gus Rosentreter. That night they approached a stable where a light was shining and found the defendants dressing six head of cattle.

The *Boomerang* reported, "These were the calves [Horn] said that he had the witnesses inspect previously and he knew all the stock himself. Mr. Horn said he told them they were all under arrest. They asked him if he had a warrant and he told them no, and they replied that they would not go without a warrant. . . . he told them that if they did not it would be a surpise to him."

In the preliminary legal proceedings that followed, Nellie Cleve was dismissed because of her statement that she only happened to be present because her husband had told her to hold a lantern. Her lawyer cited a law that "a wife, acting under instructions from and in the presence of her husband, cannot be held responsible." Upon posting the $500 bail, Eva Langhoff was released on her own recognizance because of her small children. She denied that they had killed any cattle belonging to the Two Bar and further stated that twenty-one large gray wolves were in the area. However, according to the Laramie *Boomerang* of November 17, 1893, "she said she had not seen any two-legged wolves in that country." Cleve and Taylor each posted $500 bail, Louis Bath $1,000.

Bath's brother, Phillip, said he had bought 107 head of cattle from one James Moore and had asked Louis to take the animals to the Sybille country. The beef carried various brands, and Phillip told Louis to dispose of the cattle as he wished and return the money to him.



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The Wyoming State Militia lined up the morning of Tom Horn's hanging.

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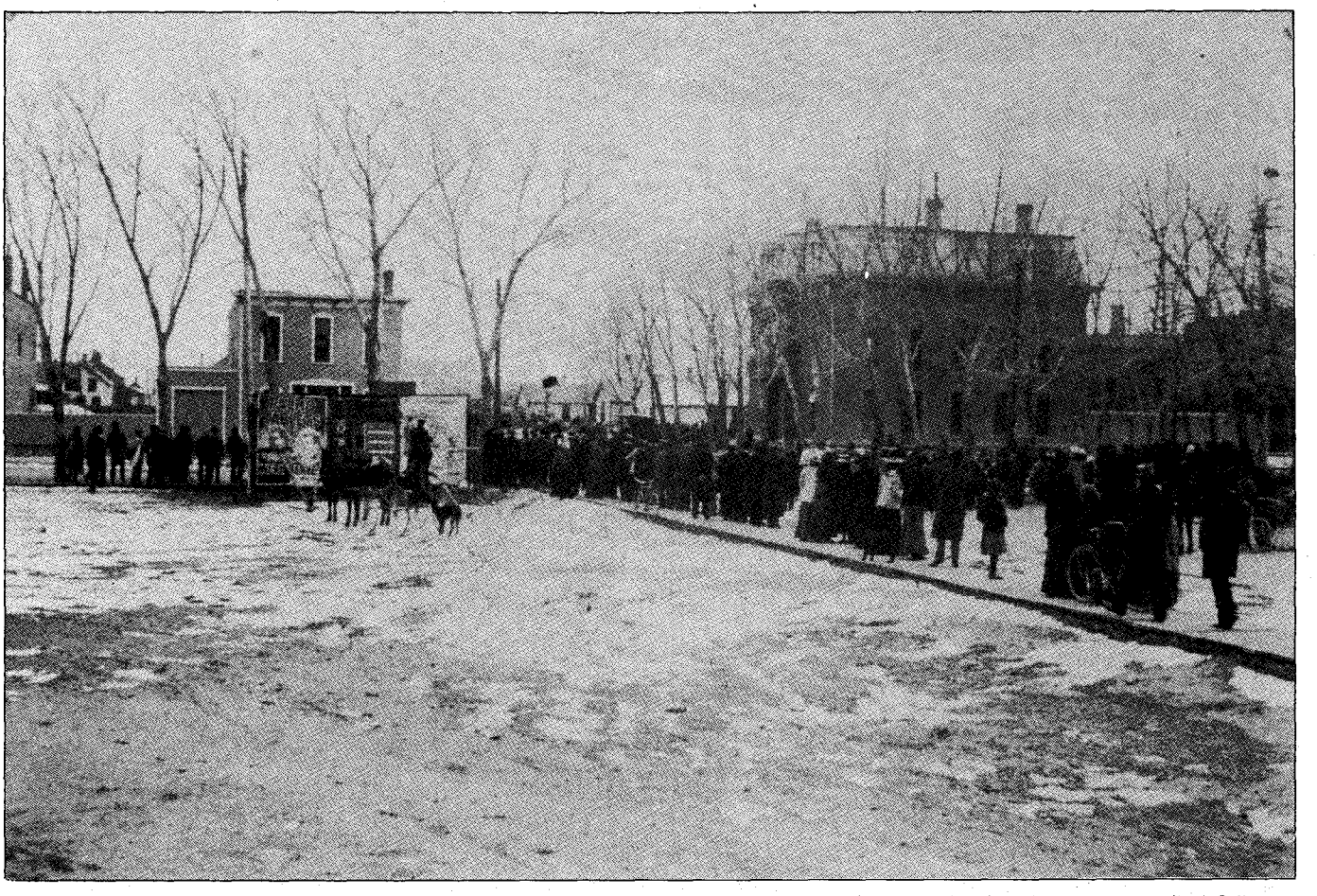

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Curiosity-seekers watch Tom Horn's casket being carried down the front steps of the Laramie County courthouse.

The manager of Balch's market stated that he had bought some calves from Louis Bath on October 31. At that time he arranged to have four more delivered in two weeks. Of those, the allegedly stolen animals, some were branded "three shoes" but others were not branded at all. None of the defense witnesses had included the three shoes among the brands they named.

Prosecuting Attorney William Bramel dropped the charges against Cleve and Taylor for lack of evidence. Two of Bath's brothers, Phil and Alfred, asked that the charges against him be dropped, and his attorney, C.W. Bramel, asked for an extension because the defendant was without means to defray expenses.

The trial went to the jury, and an associated document indicates that Bath was suddenly at large. In it, the presiding judge stated his doubts that the bail bond was sufficient and ordered Bath's arrest. He was taken back into custody, and the jury convicted him on January 17, 1894. They acquitted Eva Langhoff.

The judge sentenced Bath to eighteen months in the penitentiary in Laramie. He was pardoned and released less than a year later. In 1895 he played on the University of Wyoming's "Never-Defeated" football team whose athletes, legend has it, were less scholars than big, brawny cowboys recruited from the range.

Evidently still unburdened by a concern for the law, Eva Langhoff was charged with larceny on October 10, 1895. Joseph E. Miller complained that she had stolen property from him valued at $9.35. The charges were dropped on October 14 after the court decided no criminal act had been proven.

THE LANGHOFF trials evidently had a greater effect on Tom Horn. Almost a decade later, during his own trial for the murder of Willie Nickell, Horn repeatedly referred to the Langhoffs. He described them as "notorious thieves" and complained that all had been set free except one who was pardoned in less than a year.

Within months of Lou Bath's pardon, Tom Horn was implicated in the murders of two suspected rustlers. In August 1895, William Lewis, who had been involved in a legal tangle with the Swan, was gunned down near a wagonload of butchered beef. In September Fred Powell was murdered after being warned to stop stealing or suffer the consequences. Because he had alibis, Horn was never charged with those killings.

When William A. Richards was governor of Wyoming in the late 1890s, he asked WSGA president Billy Irvine to arrange a meeting with Tom Horn. Richards needed help to deal with rustling on his ranch in Big Horn County. The meeting was held in the WSGA office, which was in the capitol. After Richards outlined the problem, Horn said he would take no money in advance except for $350 to buy two horses and tack. After he resolved the situation to the governor's satisfaction, his fee would be $5,000. When Horn placed no limit on the number of rustlers to be eliminated, Irvine related, the governor ended the meeting.

It was during that meeting that Horn made his now infamous claim, "When all else fails, I have a system which never does"—a system upon which he evidently resolved after watching the Langhoffs go free.

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Author's Collection

In the classic Western movie, *High Noon*, Gary Cooper portrayed a town marshal who was abandoned to face alone a murderous ex-convict and his three henchmen. Real frontier towns, however, proved to be not so easily intimidated.

Treeing the Town

By BILL O'NEAL

In the classic 1952 western movie *High Noon*, town marshal Gary Cooper must shoot it out alone with Frank Miller and his three gunmen because not another man in Hadleyville is willing to stand up to the gang. Frank Sinatra, as the cowardly title character in the 1956 film *Johnny Concho*, lords it over Cripple Creek because the entire citizenry fears his gunfighter brother. At least once every season on *Gunsmoke*, Dodge City was dominated and terrorized by a gang or a lone gunfighter (a chilling performance by muscular Steve Forrest comes to mind), until Matt Dillon returned to town and single-handedly dispatched the evildoers with his long-barrelled Colt. In movies, television westerns, and novels badmen regularly tree frontier towns while the populace meekly succumbs to intimidation.

But did it ever actually happen that way? In real life the rough and ready men of Dodge City and Cripple Creek were never "treed," and it is illogical to assume that even a fictional town such as Hadleyville would knuckle under to a few gunmen. Westerners were proud, fiercely independent, and touchy about their personal honor. Most frontiersmen were able and willing to defend themselves, and it stretches belief that an entire population of such men would not challenge even the most notorious of gunmen rather than be humiliated.

Timothy Isaiah "Longhaired Jim" Courtright was a Union veteran of the Civil War who tried to take over Fort Worth, Texas. He sported a brace of revolvers and had twice killed two men in New Mexico gunfights. This dangerous gunman served for three years as city marshal of Fort Worth, then later opened the T.I.C. Detective Agency, which eventually became a front for a protection racket. In return for a piece of the action Courtright "policed" Fort Worth's gambling joints and assorted other dives. But Courtright was dealing with a dangerous clientele, and the inevitable defiance

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came from gambler Luke Short.

A veteran of several gunfights, Short was a natty dresser who had his right pants pocket cut extra long and lined with leather to accommodate his revolver. After puchasing a one-third interest in Jake Johnson's White Elephant Saloon, Short angrily declined Courtright's customary shakedown attempt. Short sold his interest in the saloon Monday, February 7, 1887, but when he encountered Courtright the following day at a Main Street shooting gallery an angry quarrel erupted.

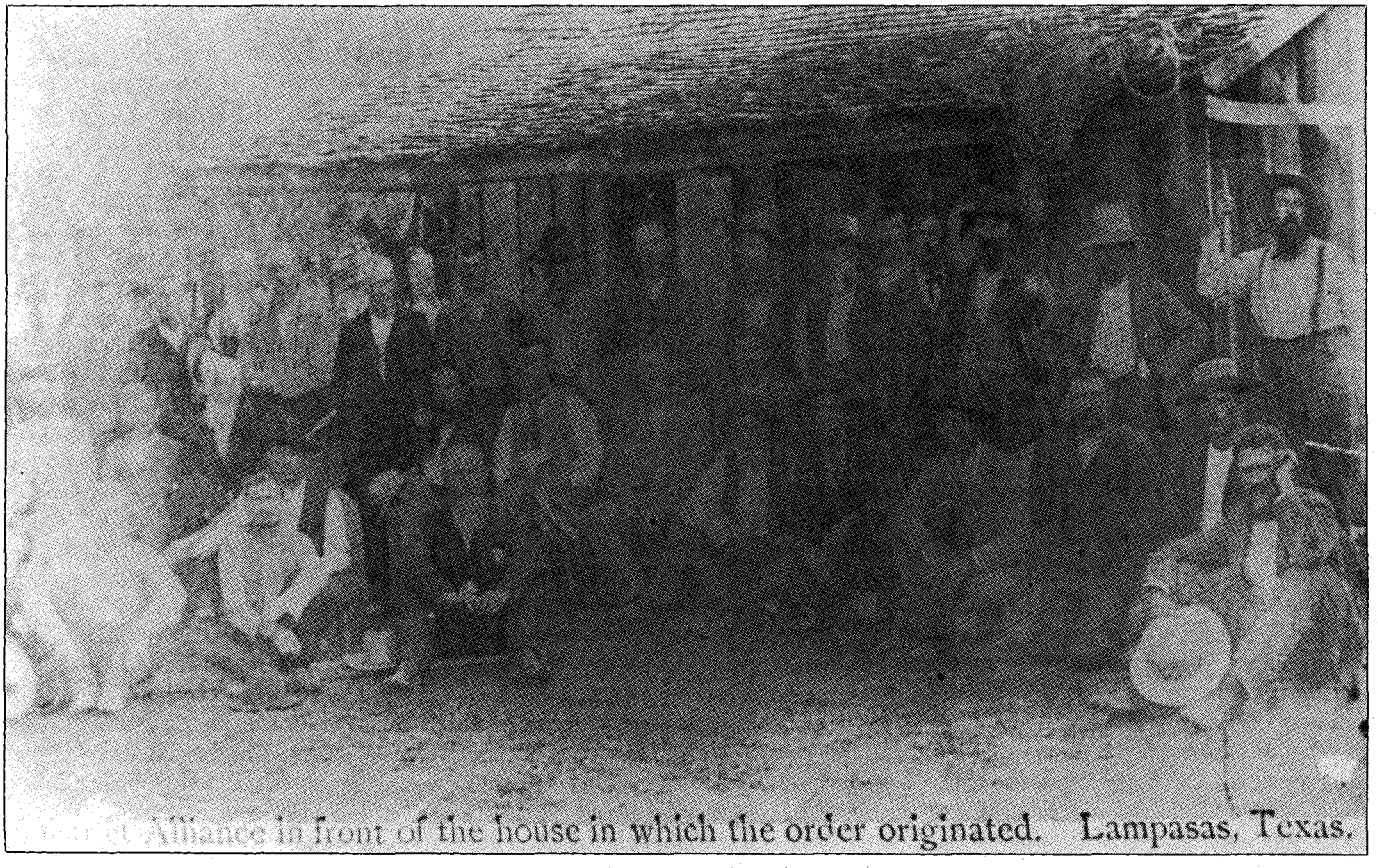
Longhaired Jim whipped out one of his pistols and jammed it into his adversary's midsection, but the hammer caught on Short's watch chain. Luke produced his own weapon and emptied the gun rapid-fire. The first slug smashed the cylinder of Courtright's drawn revolver; two shots went wild; and three bullets tore into Courtright's right thumb, right shoulder, and heart. Courtright collapsed in his death throes, and so did the T.I.C. protection racket.

No western gunman inspired more dread during his day than Jack Slade. At the height of Slade's notoriety, young Samuel Clemens went West by stagecoach and in *Roughing It* later recorded the "mass of overland gossip" about this "matchless marksman with a navy revolver" who was reputed to have killed twenty-six men. Clemens was apprehensive when Slade sat beside him at the dining table of the Overland Company station, then was petrified when the company's most feared employee courteously insisted that Sam take the last cup of coffee. "I was afraid he had not killed anybody that morning, and might be needing diversion. . . . I thanked him and drank it, but it gave me no comfort, for I could not feel sure that he would not be sorry, presently, that he had given it away, and proceed to kill me to distract his thoughts from the loss."

An increasing alcoholism problem rendered Slade all the more dangerous, and a shooting scrape in Wyoming prompted a move to Virginia City, Montana, where he tried to start a ranch. He soon caused trouble in Virginia City, but the denizens of the growing mining town were not cowed by his reputation. During several drunken sprees he threatened numerous citizens and shot up saloons and business houses. After repeated warnings, the vigilante executive commmittee suddenly seized Slade on March 10, 1864, then hanged him from a signpost—which was the nearest Jack Slade came to treeing Virginia City.

Slade should have known better than to challenge the citizens of Virginia City, because only a few weeks earlier local vigilantes had decimated a murderous band of robbers led by Henry Plummer. Plummer had killed at least four men and had served a term in San Quentin, but despite his lethal back-

Westerners were proud, fiercely independent, and touchy about their personal honor. Most frontiersmen were able and willing to defend themselves, and it stretches belief that an entire population of such men would not challenge even the most notorious of gunmen rather than be humiliated.



Courtesy of Standard Studio, Lampasas

The Farmers' Alliance of the South, which would become the most influential of all Populist organizations, was founded in 1877 in Lampasas, Texas, by farmers and ranchers to combat rustlers and other lawbreakers.

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Courtesy of the Author

The legendary Billy the Kid was the exception that proved the rule when he treed Lincoln, making a leisurely, unchallenged escape from town after killing his two guards.

Despite efforts from Lampasans to resolve the feud, a gun battle erupted on the square on Tuesday morning, June 14, 1877. Higgins and three of his men took on Mart, Sam, and Tom Horrell, and four of their men. Bill Wren, Pink's top hand, was seriously wounded, and Higgins' brother-in-law, Frank Mitchell, was killed.

ground he had an affable demeanor and was popular in Virginia City's booming mining district. Although he was elected sheriff of Bannack and of Virginia City in 1863, he organized "The Innocents," a large bandit gang which preyed on miners in the area. During the last half of 1863 more than one hundred men disappeared or were found dead, and the law—headed by Sheriff Plummer—watched ineffectively as the crime rate soared. But citizens angrily organized the vigilante committee, and soon many of Plummer's henchmen were shot or hanged.

When Plummer tried to escape he was tracked down and thrown into the Bannack jail. On Sunday, January 10, 1864, Plummer was carried to a gallows he had earlier erected himself. The gallows was crudely constructed, and a weeping, pleading Plummer and two confederates were lifted onto the shoulders of the vigilantes, then tossed into the air to strangle slowly to death. Twenty-one desperadoes were lynched, and when the notorious Jack Slade soon began to cause problems and issue threats, the vigilantes ignored his reputation and promptly applied lynch law. Throughout the history of the frontier, citizens resorted to vigilantism when they became impatient with disorder; badmen—no matter how bad—rarely were able to dominate a town or an area for long.

Lampasas was a Texas ranching community which began to prosper during the 1870s as the "Saratoga of the South." The town's Sulphur Springs soon would be a popular tourist spa, surrounded by bath houses and hotels. Local businessmen were alarmed, therefore, when hostilities flared between gunman-rancher Pink Higgins and the Horrell brothers. The contentious Horrells had engaged in a bloody shootout in a Lampasas saloon when a state police force had attempted to arrest their brother-in-law. Following a flurry of ensuing violence, the Horrell clan migrated to Lincoln County, New Mexico, but soon fighting erupted with locals, and the Horrells migrated back to Lampasas County. There they renewed an old conflict with gunman-rancher Pink Higgins, who long had regarded the Horrells as rustlers. On January 22, 1877, Pink killed Merritt Horrell (the six Horrells now had been reduced to three survivors), and on March 26 Higgins led an ambush against Mart and Sam Horrell in which both brothers were wounded.

Despite efforts from Lampasans to resolve the feud, a major gun battle erupted on the square on Tuesday morning, June 14, 1877. Higgins and three of his men took on Mart, Sam, and Tom Horrell, and four of their men. Bill Wren, Pink's top hand, was seriously wounded, and Higgins' brother-in-law, Frank Mitchell, was killed. Pink slipped out of town and soon returned with reinforcements, and the shooting raged on until early afternoon.

At last, after three hours of fighting, civic leaders—more frightened by the

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loss of tourist business than Higgins-Horrell bullets—interrupted the gunplay and insisted that the opposing warriors cease fire. The war shifted to the countryside, but Texas Rangers were called in and the long feud ended. Later in the year Lampasas County ranchers and farmers banded together against rustlers, and in time their organization —the Farmer's Alliance of the South— succeeded the Grange as the largest farm group of the nationwide Populist movement. In 1878 Tom and Mart Horrell committed a robbery and murder at Meridian, Texas. On December 15, angry townspeople broke into the jail where the brothers were being held and shot them dead in their cell.

In the same era and area, the citizens of Bell County became irritated rather than intimidated by an increasing crime rate. In the spring of 1874, they cracked down. They scoured the county for lawbreakers, and ten known felons soon were incarcerated in the two-year-old brick jail in Belton. The evildoers were an assortment of thieves, rustlers, and murderers, including one man who had hacked his wife to death with an axe.

Many of those men faced several charges, and no one doubted their guilt. As word spread about the large harvest of criminals, Texans from surrounding counties converged on Belton. On Monday, May 25, the sheriff was out of town on official business. One of the prisoners fell ill and was taken out of the big iron-slatted cell and placed in a back room. That night the lone guard was overwhelmed and a large mob broke into the cell room.

The horrified outlaws, probably fearing a necktie party, crowded to the back of the cell. But rifle and revolver muzzles were fitted between the iron slats, and suddenly the building began to rock with explosions as volley after volley was fired into the prisoners. Within moments nine bullet-riddled criminals lay dead on the cell floor. (Overlooked by the vigilantes, the fugitive in the back room later was tried and sentenced to life in prison.) Public approval of the mass execution was widespread, and no charges were filed against the vigilantes. Outlaw activities in Bell County declined dramatically.

Soapy Smith, the West's most infamous confidence man, gravitated to the Alaskan gold rush in 1897, along with many of his confederates. He and his gang had taken over Skagway by mid-1898, with Soapy directing extensive underwold activities from his saloon. Honest men quickly tired of Smith and his gangsters, and a "Committee of One Hundred and One" posted a public warning: "All confidence sharks, bunco men, sure-thing men, and all other objectionable characters are notified to leave."

Arizona Historical Society

William F. Downing was a contentious, hard-drinking ex-convict whose attempt to cow the citizens of Willcox led to a fatal showdown.

Smith retaliated with a "Law and Order Committee of Three Hundred and Three." (As chairman, Soapy actually claimed 317 motley members.) On July 8, 1898, citizens who were determined to disperse the gangsters held a mass meeting at a warehouse. Smith, who had been drinking heavily, armed himself with a Winchester and two revolvers and marched toward the warehouse, declaring his intention to single-handedly drive the "sons-of-a-bitches" into the bay.

When he encountered a longtime opponent named Frank Reid, Soapy took a swing with his rifle barrel. Reid reached for a pistol in his pocket, and Soapy managed to fire a bullet into his adversary's groin. But Reid triggered a slug into Soapy's heart, and the bearded con man fell dead. Unfortunately, Reid died twelve days later, but by that time Soapy Smith's gang had been run out of Skagway.

Billy the Kid may have provided the exception that proves the rule. Sentenced to hang on May 13, 1881, he was held in the two-story courthouse in Lincoln, New Mexico. Late in the afternoon of April 28 he obtained a revolver and fatally wounded guard J.W. Bell. The other guard, Bob Olinger, had taken other prisoners across the street to the Wortley Hotel for their evening meal. Olinger sprinted back toward the courthouse, only to be killed when the Kid unloosed both barrels of a shotgun from

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Arizona Historical Society

Arizona Ranger Billy Speed challenged drunken badman William F. Downing in the streets of Willcox, killing the town bully with a Winchester shot.

a second-floor window.

Perhaps intimidated by the Kid's reputation and by the two bodies lying in the street, the citizens of Lincoln made no move to intercept him as he hacked at the chains of his leg-irons with a pickax. He ordered one man to bring him a horse, and he armed himself with several revolvers and Winchesters. Two citizens started to go after their guns, but after friends restrained them no one attempted any further resistance.

A crowd gathered in the street while the Kid lingered for almost an hour, explaining his actions against the guards and shaking hands with a few old friends before finally mounting up and riding west. (The Kid's bold escape bought him eleven more weeks of life; he was slain by Pat Garrett after an intensive manhunt on July 14 in Fort Sumner.) If Lincoln truly were cowed into inactivity, it is fitting that it be done by no less a western personage than the larger-than-life Billy the Kid.

Usually a would-be intimidator met the fate of Arizona badman William F. Downing. A native of Texas, Downing moved to Arizona late in the nineteenth century, radiating rumors of past misdeeds: everyone assumed that his name was an alias; it was widely alleged that a reward of $5,000 was on his head; and many people thought he was Frank Jackson, the only member of the Sam Bass Gang to escape the bloody 1878 shootout in Round Rock, Texas.

In 1900 Downing was incarcerated after an Arizona train robbery, serving seven years in Yuma territorial prison before his release in October 1907. Downing returned to Willcox, where he previously had ranched and rustled, and somehow scraped up the resources to open the Free and Easy Saloon. Crime became rampant at the Free and Easy, where Downing apparently engineered the robbery of departing customers. The scarred, middle-aged hardcase also resumed dabbling in rustling.

A southpaw marksman, Downing packed a revolver in his left hip pocket and clashed openly with many local men, including Constable Bud Snow and Arizona Ranger Billy Speed, whom the bellicose badman threatened on more than one occasion. Downing flouted a restriction against women in saloons; his girls caused many of the frequent brawls in the Free and Easy and were suspected of robbing patrons.

LATE IN July 1908, a rival saloonkeeper, George McKittrick, swore out a warrant against Downing for permitting women to congregate and drink in the Free and Easy. Speed and Snow teamed up to arrest Downing, who paid a fifty-dollar fine, then growled threats to kill the lawmen and McKittrick. But at Dodge City, Kansas, McKittrick once had shot and killed a soldier who had the drop on him, and he would not be cowed by Downing. McKittrick sat up nights cradling a shotgun, and during the day he kept it behind the bar.

It would not be McKittrick who finally pulled the trigger on the Willcox troublemaker. On the night of August 4, Downing beat and gouged the eyes of one of his girls, Cuco Leal, who fled to McKittrick's saloon. McKittrick persuaded her to swear out a warrant, and Constable Snow asked Ranger Speed to help him arrest Downing.

Downing spent the night drinking in the saloon. The next morning the drunken bully staggered into the street just as Snow and Speed began to look for him. Speed cut off Downing in the middle of the street. Winchester at the ready, the Ranger ordered Downing to throw up his hands. Downing raised his arms and walked unsteadily toward the Ranger.

The liquor-befuddled Downing apparently forgot that a friend had persuaded him to leave his six-gun in the saloon. When he was less than thirty feet from Speed, Downing's arms went down. He groped at his hip pocket with his left hand as Speed again shouted for him to throw up his arms. But Downing doggedly advanced, feeling for the gun that was not there.

Billy Speed pressed the trigger of his Winchester. The .30-40 slug penetrated Downing's right breast and ripped out beneath his right shoulder blade; the impact of the bullet threw him on his back.

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Within two or three minutes Downing was dead, and Willcox was a safer town.

Other western towns, threatened by notorious gangs, rose up en masse to repel the invaders. On September 7, 1876, eight members of the James-Younger gang tried to loot the First National Bank of Northfield, Minnesota. The townspeople resisted, and even though three citizens were shot, robbers Clell Miller and William Stiles were killed and Bob Younger was seriously wounded. Although the rest of the gang shot their way out of town, there was a determined pursuit. Jesse and Frank James escaped, but Charlie Pitts was killed by a posse, and Bob, Cole, and Jim Younger were wounded and captured.

In Medicine Lodge, Kansas, on April 30, 1884, Caldwell Marshal Henry Brown, his deputy Ben Wheeler, and two confederates robbed the Medicine Valley Bank. The bank president and the cashier were slain, but a group of cowboys fearlessly gave chase. They cornered the gang in a box canyon, and after a two-hour siege the bank robbers surrendered. That night the men of Medicine Lodge converged on the jail and executed all four gang members.

On October 5, 1892, Bob, Emmett, and Grat Dalton, accompanied by Dick Broadwell and Bill Powers, ride into Coffeyville, Kansas, intending to rob two banks. But an alarm was shouted and citizens armed themselves from nearby hardware stores. A furious gun-battle erupted, and although the townspeople suffered seven casualties, they gunned down five outlaws. Only bullet-riddled Emmett would survive; the dead thieves were held up to be photographed alongside the victorious citizens.

Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Henry Starr was shot down in the streets of Stroud, Oklahoma, by an adolescent marksman who was not yet born when the outlaw began his career of crime.

Two years later, on May 23, 1894, another Dalton brother, Bill, led three accomplices into Longview, Texas, and looted the First National Bank. The Texans challenged the outlaws, who killed two citizens and wounded three. Bandit Jim Wallace, who had inflicted the most damage, was shot dead. When the rest of the gang galloped out of town, angry townspeople hauled Wallace's corpse a block away and hung the dead outlaw from a telegraph pole.

On the morning of March 27, 1915, Henry Starr led six henchmen in a simultaneous robbery of both banks in Stroud, Oklahoma. Within a few minutes the thieves were heading down the street with their loot, protected by human shields. Starr shot at a citizen carrying a shotgun, but the gang then came under fire from a rifle-wielding seventeen-year-old named Paul Curry. One bandit was hit in the neck; Starr's left leg was shattered by another well-placed bullet; and both wounded robbers were arrested.

So it went throughout the West. Gunfighters with a reputation, notorious outlaws, infamous gangs—whenever they attempted to bully fellow Westerners, whenever they challenged frontier communities, they met stubborn resistance and deadly violence. Only on pulp pages or on movie or television screens did western towns submit to badmen. In the true West, Gary Cooper would have had plenty of help and Matt Dillon would have had nothing to do when he returned to Dodge City. In the true West the towns were hard to tree.

Kansas State Historical Society

Nine members of the posse which gave immediate and fearless chase to the Medicine Lodge bank robbers. The murdering bandits were cornered and captured, then lynched that night.

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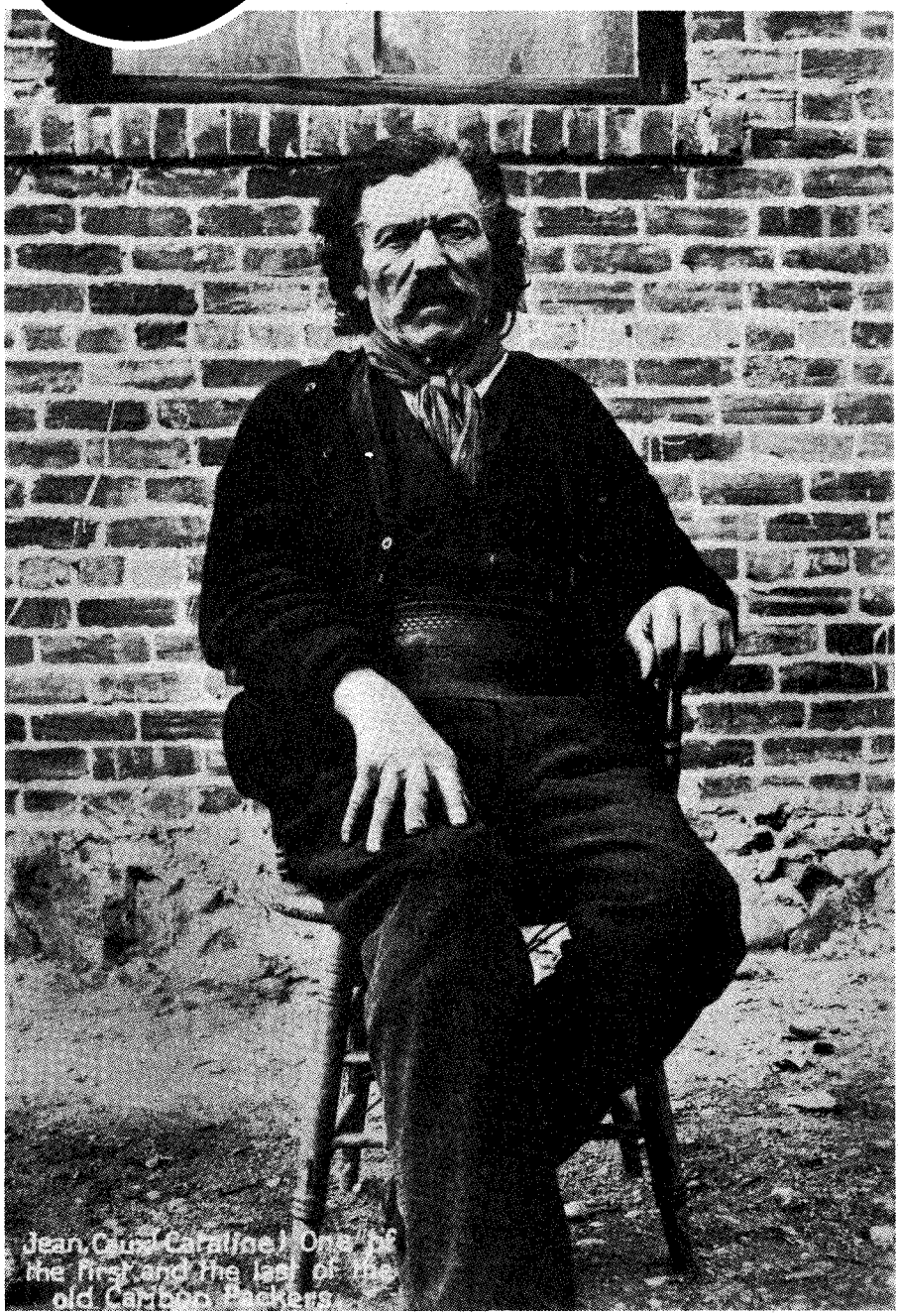
Cataline



British Columbia Archives and Records Service

Cataline's memorable visage graced this postcard.

He had no formal education but could sign his name, and he had the unique advantage of an indelible memory. With his sixty-mule outfit, he needed no packing slips or invoices. He knew exactly what each pack contained, where it was destined, and to whom it belonged.

Even before the Cariboo gold rush of 1889 a packer known simply as Cataline had arrived in the wild and somewhat lawless frontier of British Columbia. His dedicated efforts did much to lay the groundwork for developing the far-flung posts of BC and the Yukon so that others might follow in relative safety and comfort. His conspicuous compassion for the native people, unwavering honesty, and stoic integrity were a shining example for the foundation of the new land, and he became legendary.

For me the very name "Cataline" conjures romantic fantasies because as a child I heard my father, the late Paddy

By CECILLE CARROLL

Carroll, utter it with awed reverence. When my father arrived in the Omineca District as a young man in 1907, he worked as a stevedore for Cataline. He idolized Cataline, and the stories he told us about the smart old packer were fascinating. Dad would chuckle while recalling Cataline's shrewd humor, and with his own rare gift for mime, he would tell us of Cataline's hilarious way of expressing himself. One laconic piece of advice he imparted to his stevedores was, "Watcha da sterna da mule. Watcha da stemma da monk."

Born Jean Jacques Caux in the Basque region between France and Spain, Cataline traveled to Mexico at an unknown date. He arrived in British Columbia via California in the 1860s. He had no formal education but could sign his name, and he had the unique advantage of an indelible memory. With his sixty-mule outfit, he needed no packing slips or invoices. He knew exactly what each pack contained, where it was destined, and to whom it belonged.

With the arrival of spring, the old packer would get credit from the Hudson's Bay Company or a bank and then leave it up to his customers to pay the creditor, taking it for granted that his own courtesy and honesty would be returned. To a large degree it was, but Cataline's trusting nature still cost him a great deal of money.

Carrying on a conversation with Cataline was next to impossible, for his original Bearnaise accent was peppered with a smattering of French and Spanish. Added to that were his gleanings from exchanges with various Indian tribes with whom he did business, and he also had adopted words from Mexicans, French-Canadians, Irish, Germans, Scots, British, and Chinese. My father said that Cataline swore with

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great dexterity in all lanuguages, his mules therefore being multi-lingual, savvying every peculiar inflection and articulation.

Cataline magnanimously made no distinction among he, she, it, they, his, hers, its, and theirs—they were all "he." He also acquired two useful words from the Chinese: *maskee*, a common word meaning "no matter," "without," "anyhow," "however," or "in spite of"; and *galow*, which means absolutely nothing but is a marvelously expressive substitute to be used anywhere when one can't quite come up with the right word.

The colorful Cataline—psychologist, animal trainer, and humanitarian extraordinaire—outfitted to the hinterlands from as far south as Yale on the Frazer River. But mainly he trekked out of Ashcroft to the far reaches of British Columbia and Yukon Territory. He drove the largest, most efficient pack trains of anyone who was ever in the business.

In town, Cataline frequented the saloons and was popular with everyone. The younger crowd in particular admired the old packer, hanging on his every word. A legend in his own time, he imparted some mighty interesting tales. A bit of his preferred libation, cognac, would launch him. He consumed it straight, and he would leave a little in the glass to pour on his hair, rub it well into his scalp, and proclaim, "A little insida, a little outsida." Theories abounded concerning the ritual, but he scarcely had a gray hair in his head when he died near the century mark.

An impressive figure, Cataline remained consistent throughout his career; he wore leather riding boots, a fetching wide-rimmed sombrero, heavy wool trousers, a boiled shirt whose duration was the entire trip to a far-off place, a red kerchief tied around his neck, and an elaborately buckled bucking belt. During mosquito season he wore gauntleted buckskin gloves, but he was never known to have worn socks, not even in winter, being remarkably impervious to the cold.

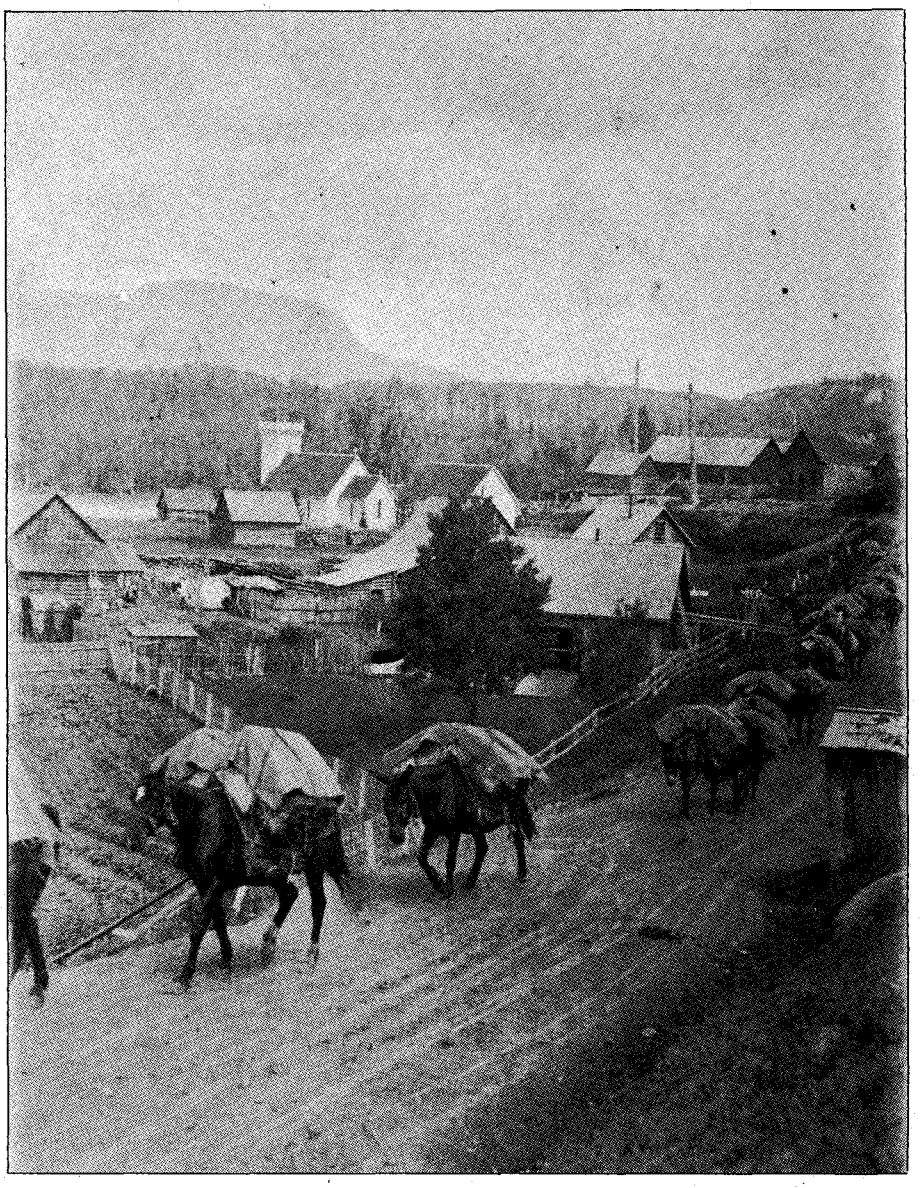
His face was like a dry, well-etched creek bed, expressing a stern but kind temperament. His snappy black eyes danced merrily. It was a startling countenance, once seen never forgotten. Though not especially tall, Cataline had a fine masculine figure: broad shoulders, barrel chest, slim waist, narrow hips.

Cataline's *segundo*, as he called his second man, was Dave Wiggins, the progeny of a black man who had freed himself and taken a Lillooet girl for his wife. Besides being *segundo*, Dave had the fearsome responsibility of being Cataline's valet. After their arrival at an outpost, the grave business of trading would commence, and Dave would solemnly assemble the handmade chair of birch and babbishe reserved for Cataline's use during those ceremonies.

Cataline dressed for such occasions by topping his boiled shirt with a stiff collar—yellow with age and reeking of mule sweat. Around it he would place a small, corroded tie. He then took leave of his usual rakish trail sombrero, donning an antiquated little French hat fashioned of horse hair. It was a serious, oval affair, meant to be collapsible. But it had seen such rugged use that Dave had to paste the broken hairs painstakingly back together each time it was to be used.

Next Cataline would robe himself in a long morning cloak that was green with age. Over it he fastened his ten-inch wide bucking belt with its row of buckles down the front, an accouterment the Indians solemnly referred to as his "corsets." Over that came a red, woolen French-Canadian sash. For those auspicious occasions, fancily-beaded mocassins replaced the spurred riding boots.

And so vestmented, Cataline would seat himself gravely on his exclusive chair while everyone else sat cross-legged on the ground. Dave would pass out a generous supply of enormous cigars. Of course, none of the magnificence was lost on the Indian chief, who would not permit himself to be upstaged. With great solemnity he would slowly light a ten-dollar bill and then with weighty aplomb ignite the cigars—



British Columbia Archives and Records Service

Cataline's mule train packs out of Hazelton, British Columbia.

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starting with Cataline's—and allow the stub of the bill to burn to an impressive ash. Then the mood changed and chaotic trading commenced with unrestrained passion. The event afforded a splendid change from the tedium of trail travel.

Trained perfectly, Cataline's pack animals came to their individual positions in line and enjoyed a half-hour snooze allotted to them before they were loaded. Then the word was given and a stevedore would turn a pack on its side. Up it went, and as it went on the animal the stevedore turned it again. The stevedore on the other side made the pack sit fast to hold the weight, keeping the rigging in place. Then another packer would help on the other side. Loaded with such skillful precision, the packs stayed on. Then on went the famous diamond hitch—a two-man diamond at that, and if it were a round-backed cayuse or a difficult pack, the men might even throw on three diamonds. The procedure was repeated with each pack animal.

Thus the massive packs weighing as much as six and seven hundred pounds were loaded on sixty animals in three quarters of an hour, during which not a word was spoken among the men. At last, with one word from the corregidor, they were swiftly away down the trail to the back of beyond.

WITHIN HALF a mile down the trail the train halted and packs were tightened once again. That procedure would be repeated twice more in the next two miles. Then, for the next five hours the train halted only for emergencies. There was no conversation. The only sounds throughout that vast wilderness were the clatter of hooves on the trail and an occasional command, usually given by the great hor. .no himself—Cataline.

Around eleven o'clock when the flies got bad, a good camp with water and feed would be located, and that was all for the day. Packs came off until two o'clock the next morning. The ten-mile work day was so short and the packers so professional that the animals seldom suffered from back sores. According to my father, those well-trained beasts actually looked forward to the routine.

Certain terms of the pack industry came north with the Mexican packers and were adapted by all who followed: "corregidor," "stevedore," "segundo," "corona," and "aparejo." The packers would use the same vernacular as they traversed the wilderness trails. "Hatcha hatchalay!"—loosely translated as "give you hot chile if you don't go"—resounded from the trackless valleys and towering peaks as the stevedores drove the pack trains.

Cataline almost never lost freight. One exception occurred when a new Chinese stevedore mistakenly packed the brown sugar on horses instead of mules. A horse will lie down in a stream with a pack, whereas a mule will not. The day was scorching, and so the horses lay down in a creek. Apparently Cataline cursed in all eight languages as the horses finally came up on the far bank, streaming brown syrup.

Once when Cataline's entire pack train died of poisoning, he hired Indian

British Columbia Archives and Records Service

Cataline's mule pack train at Ashcroft, British Columbia, in front of W.B. Bailey's warehouse.

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women to carry the freight. If any item were broken, he paid for it in cash. His fundamental honesty was unique, for it was not based on the slightest thought of heaven or hell or any given policy. His integrity was as without guile as the blazing sun in those primordial heights, poised in the firmament and aglow with childlike sincerity. In his immense heart he wore that fire's center and thus was among the few packers who never mysteriously lost supplies or mules in the night.

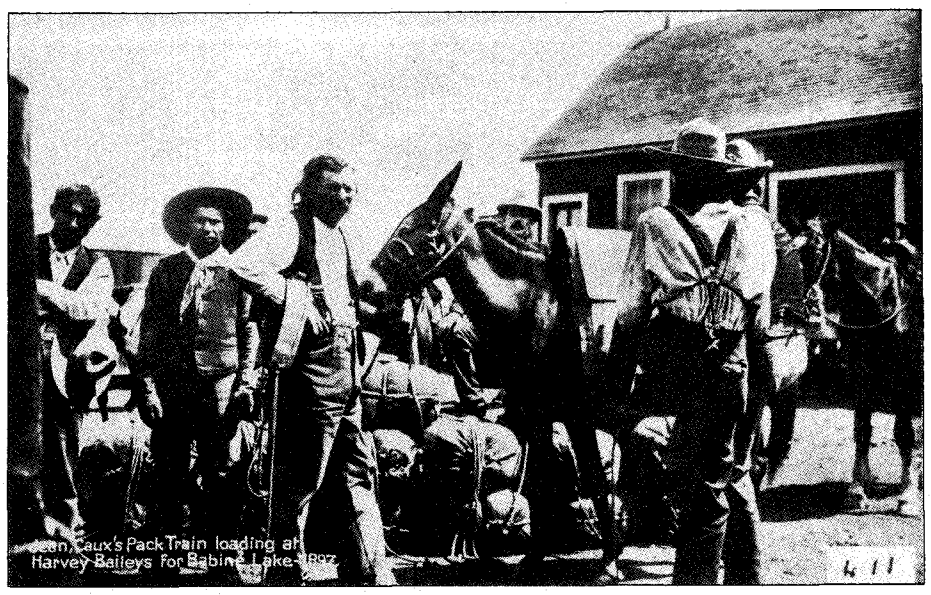
Often Cataline would halt the pack train as the heavily burdened animals struggled out of wind up the steep hills. He would wait exactly the few minutes he knew it would take the lead animals to catch their breath. Then he yelled, "Cataline. Hey there, Cataline!" At the sound of his voice the mules would flip-flop their enormous ears and commence up the trail again.

The old packer's requirements were few, for his contentment seemed to grow from within. But he was exceedingly proud of three things: Canada, his adopted homeland; his life-long friendship with Judge Matthew Bailey Begbie, one of the fairest jurists of the lawless gold rush days; and his ever-present, razor-sharp Mexican knife.

During a time of discontent on the lower Fraser, Begbie was coming up river to dispense justice. Some of Cataline's newly arrived packers were being pressured to drink and gamble, and he would not tolerate undesirables in his outfit. The old boy settled matters by quietly reaching into his boot and withdrawing his knife. He examined the long blade as he passed his thumb over it. With quiet gravity he declared, "I standa by judge." The matter was settled and much conflict averted.

Begbie learned of the incident and later was able to return the favor when Cataline squatted on some land. At the time, squatting was common, for the land seemed boundless with so few people to inhabit it. But as the population grew, spreads became more valuable, and some con artist fancied Cataline's proven land. The old packer did not have a deed and was not even a citizen. Begbie got wind of the problem, so the next time he met Cataline on the trail he held an improvised court and naturalized him on the spot. Judge Begbie was ready when the case came to court and the petition against Cataline was read. "What's this! Cataline not a naturalized citizen? He surely is, he was naturalized in my court. Next case."

A fellow named Starret related a tale portraying the old packer's ingenuity.



British Columbia Archives and Records Service

Loading for Babine Lake in 1907. Second from left is Dave Wiggins; left of center, Cataline. Right of center, behind mule, is the author's father, Paddy Carroll.

A new stevedore mistakenly packed brown sugar on horses instead of mules. A horse will lie down in a stream with a pack, whereas a mule will not. The day was scorching, and so the horses lay down in a creek. Apparently Cataline cursed in eight languages as the horses came up on the far bank, streaming brown syrup.

"I think it was 1910 or '11. I was heading down to the Hudson Bay store in Hazelton and I happened to fall in with Cataline who was going in the same direction. His pack train was gathered on the street—they took up the entire street there; he had 60 or 70 head of mules and horses and six or seven packers. There was a fellow there tinkering with a horse, with its feet—shoeing it—one of those tall Mongolian guys—and Cataline says; 'Here Tom, you see dat Jenny over dere? You take 'em all shoe off dat mule. Take 'em all off.'

"'You mean you want new shoes?' says Tom.

"'No,' replied Cataline. 'Leave 'em off. Four case eggs go Babine. I put 'em one pack of eggs dat mule.' And then he turned to Starret and said, 'No shoe, he go out dere mabe ten mile—fifteen mile his feet get sore. He walk easy, jus like zee cat. Not break one egg.' He made stealthy walking signs here with his two hands. 'He walk just like zee cat,' Cataline says. 'Not break one egg going down hill other side.'"

Position and status meant absolutely nothing to Cataline; his doctrine being that all men were equal; this got him into tight corners occasionally. One such time was during the gold rush of 1898 when the Canadian government sent 200 troops to the Yukon to help the Mounted Police keep order. The large regiment went by steamer to Wrangle, Alaska, then by river boat up the Stikine River to Telegraph Creek. There Cataline's pack train met them, moving them on to Atlin and Teslin lakes—it was a rugged jaunt of 160 miles of deep muskeg and narrow trail.

The commanding officer turned out to be an arrogant autocrat with a penchant for military pomp. According to his custom, Cataline called the commander "boy," incensing the pompous officer and causing friction between them. Try as he might, the officer could not get the packer to address him as "sir." Of course, that delighted the enlisted men, who disliked the officer. The commander insisted on having the bugle blown to awaken the troops and again for breakfast. He had it blown to load the pack train, blown again when they camped, and blown again on retiring for the night. The unusual blaring terrified the mules, which infuriated Cataline. "Alla tima blowa da buga, scara da mule, no gooda," he would say.

Then for some obscure reason the commander decided the soldiers should

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Jean Caux's pack train at Hazelton, 1911.

lead the mules. Cataline rebelled in horror, loudly and in all his languages. He finally was catapulted into a white-hot rage. Nobody had ever had to lead his perfectly obedient mules. The affront had come on the heels of the latest clash over the mules' morning nap. The officer, on losing the argument, scarcely allowed the bugle to cool. Instead of placidly snoozing, the pack stock panicked. The mules strained frantically at their halters, and a crescendo of braying joined the dastardly bugle. Cataline outdid the lot with his superb array of curses, further igniting the mules, who were well instructed in hanging on their master's every word for instruction.

Deep, slimy muskeg and rounded devil's heads made the going tough. It was not uncommon for a mule to fall. As it struggled to get up it would roll on its back, the dead weight of the pack anchoring it to the ground. One day when that happened, a group of soldiers tried unsuccessfully to get the mule upright. It lay there, its hooves flailing the air as it squealed and rolled its eyes. The commander rode up, taking charge with his customary arrogance, and succeeding only in making matters worse.

Cataline sat on his horse nearby, quietly taking it all in. He was enjoying the performance immensely. At last the officer was forced to implore, "Oh, please, Mr. Cataline, what ever will we do now?" The old packer assessed the situation, rubbing his whiskers in feigned consternation. Then after an ominous silence, he bellowed triumphantly, "Blowa da buga, blowa da buga!"

IN 1912 when Cataline headed north on his last foray out of Ashcroft, he undertook the unprecedented challenge of driving an outfit of 1,380 head of pack animals strung out along the trail for well over a mile. It was the longest pack train ever known to leave the Cariboo. The old boy never lost his gift for the theatrical, and so his final encore was accomplished in a grand blaze of glory.

Sperry Cline, the provincial police officer in charge at Hazelton knew Cataline well, and claimed he was the toughest man—Indian or white—that he had ever known. Cline made that report after encountering the old packer along the Babine trail. "It had been a frosty night, and Cataline was asleep at the side of the trail, his bed a manteau [canvas pack cover] spread on the ground. He was fully clothed, even to his spurs, and had no cover. A small fire he had started beside him had gone out. I stood for a few minutes watching his deep breathing . . . his hair, beard and clothing covered with heavy frost. Despite everything he was having a good night's sleep." According to legend, his circulation was so remarkable that he was impervious to the cold.

When the roads and railways started coming to the country, Cataline based himself in the northern outpost of Hazelton. When he was too old to pack he sold his outfit of 500 head of pack animals to a friend named George Biernes. Biernes had a ranch at Mission Point across the Bulkley River from Hazelton. Cataline lived in a small cabin on the place, spending most of his time with the pack stock.

Cataline's Mexican throwing knife was the only possession he really treasured. By day it was in his right

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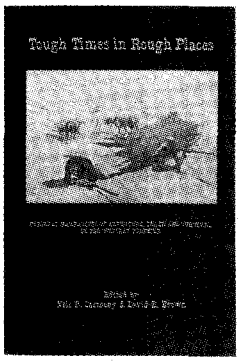

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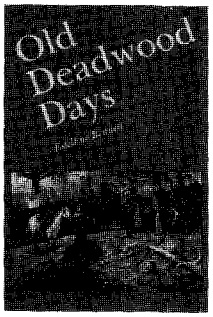
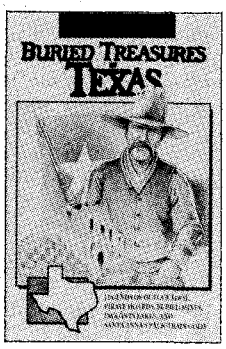


356—OLD DEADWOOD DAYS. By Estelline Bennett. Daughter of a federal judge who helped to reform Deadwood, the author grew up with the town, having moved there with the family in 1877. Long an outlaw town, Deadwood acquired a reputation that was tough to exaggerate. Bennett's story remains one of the finest and fullest accounts of the taming of the West. University of Nebraska Press. **Paper, $9.95**



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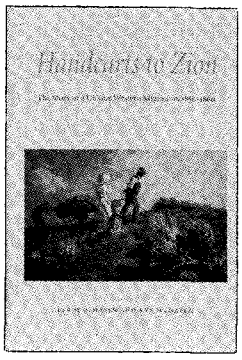

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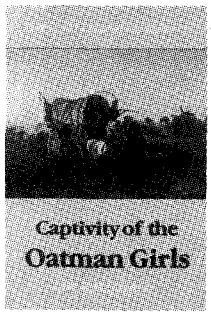

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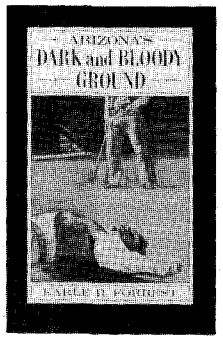

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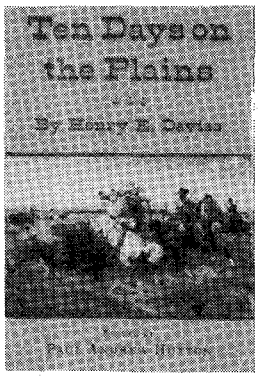

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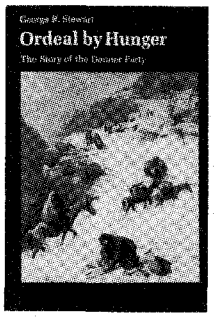

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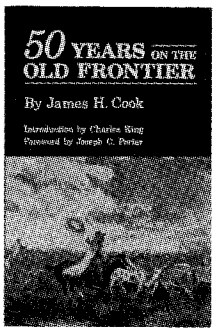

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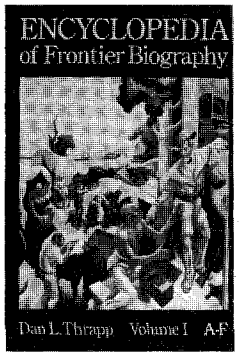

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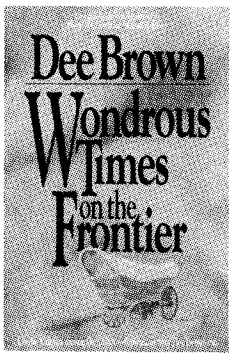

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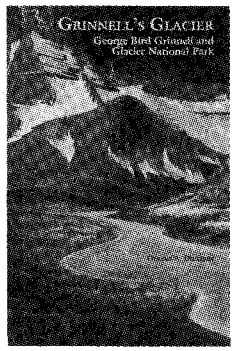

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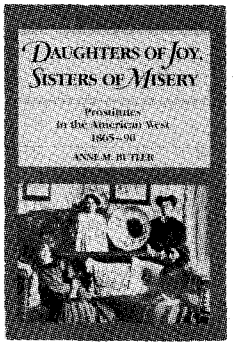

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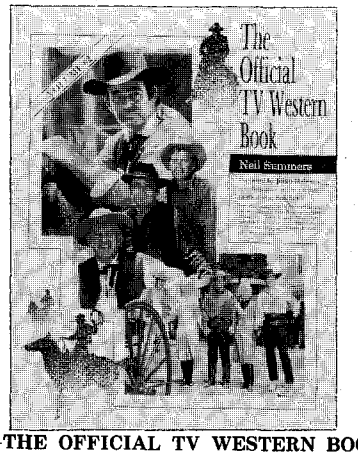

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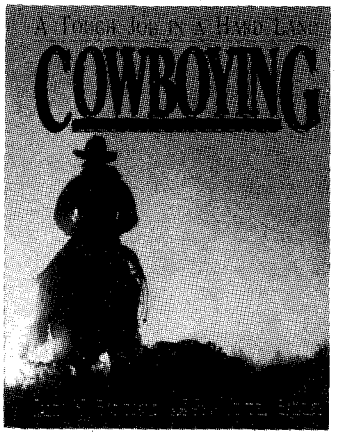

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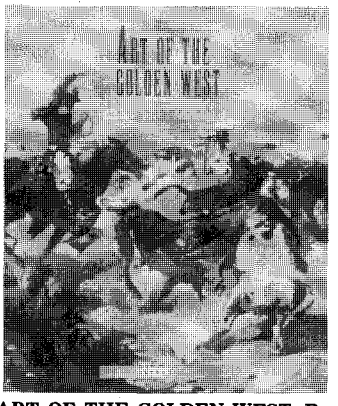

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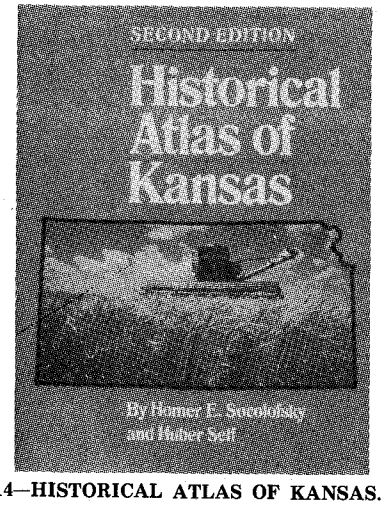

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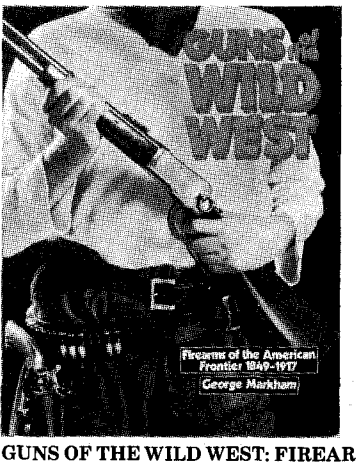

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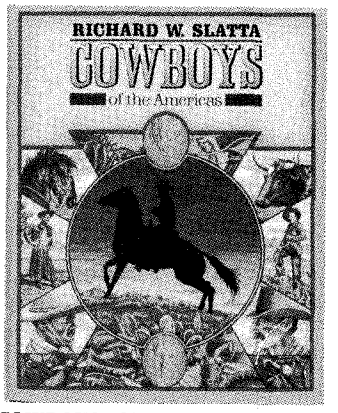

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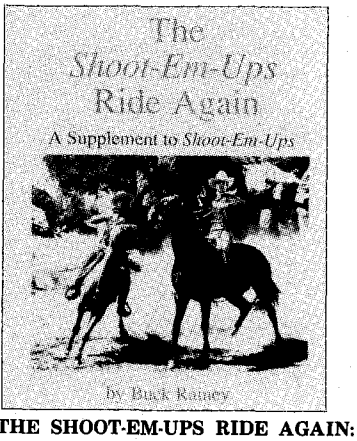

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boot, by night under his head. Throughout his long career it had never been far out of reach, and it had no doubt saved his life as he had been obliged to settle many an argument with it.

One story goes that a group of toughs from "outside" had consumed a few too many and started heckling Cataline. When they went too far, he walked quietly to the far side of the room and made a pointed exhibit of examining a small spot on the wall, drawing everyone's attention. Then he backed off about fifteen feet, reached into his boot, drew out his knife, and quick as a cat he threw it directly into the spot. Swiftly recovering the knife, he spun around in a flash and addressed the astonished trouble-makers in a rasping voice that rose from the depths of his barrel chest. "Sacreedam—dat all I tell you dis time!" That ended the heckling.

As he neared the end of his trail, nearly one hundred years old, he spent less time with the pack stock and more in the bar. He would daydream for hours.

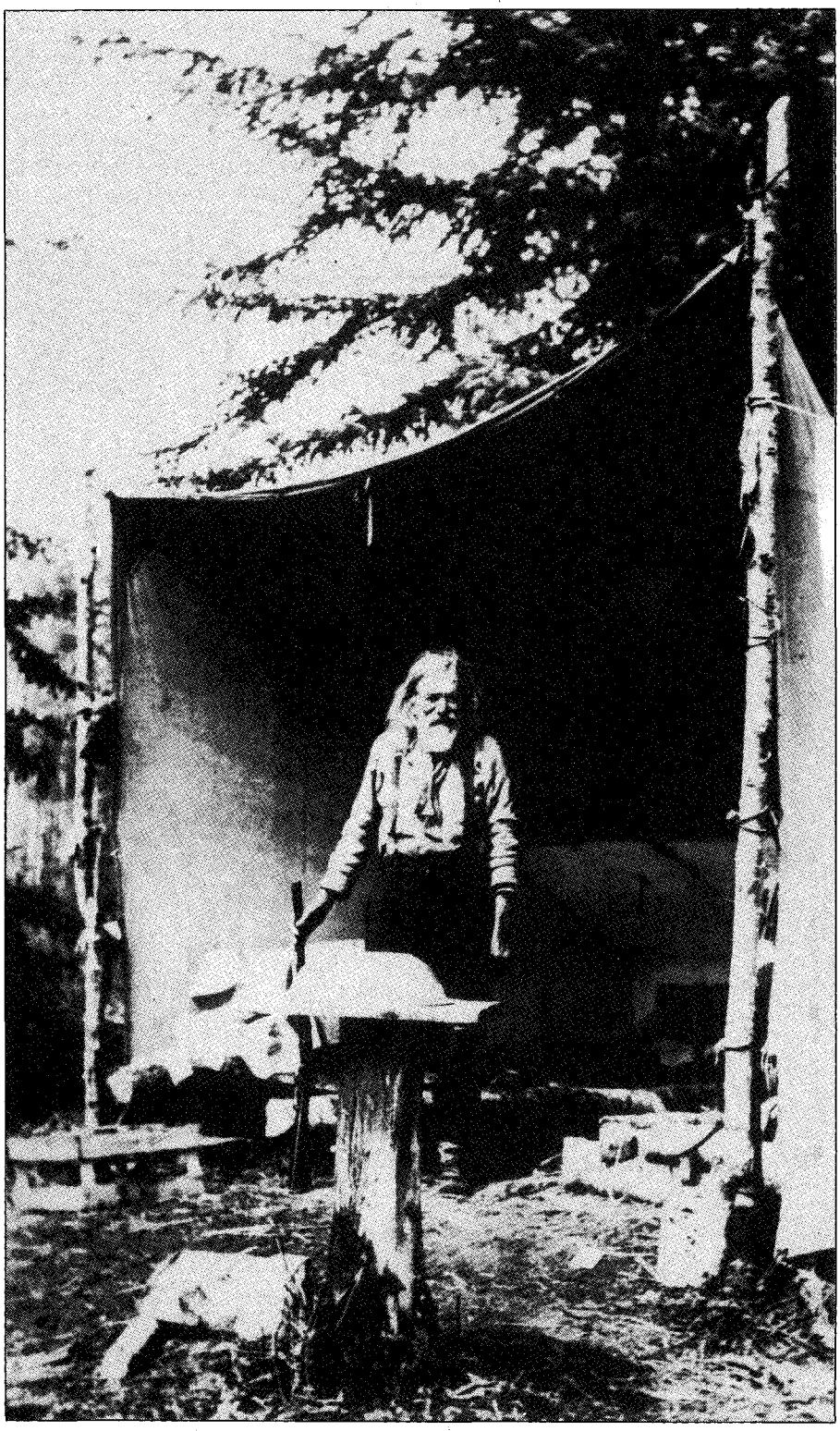
THEN ONE spring day in 1922, when Cataline was showing alarming signs of failure, some friends came to his cabin with a sleigh to take him to the hospital. He was very weak, and so his protests were mild. But as they headed down the road, he rolled off the sled and announced with heated conviction, "Noa ready die now." So they took him back to his cabin. Thereafter, they tried repeatedly and without success to get him to the hospital. The independent old fellow didn't want to be a bother.

Finally, two policemen arrived and kindly but persistently got him to the car. Cataline threw his sombrero onto the seat and made his way slowly back to the cabin. Then, as if in prayer, he leaned his head on his arm against the frame of the door, standing so for a minute or two. Then he slowly went back to the car and resignedly slumped into the seat, and he never looked back. Within a few days the great old packer was dead.

All he wanted from his beloved country was a Christian burial. His beloved knife was never found among his sparse possessions. No doubt when he knew he was reaching the end, he had thrown it one last time—into the depths of the raging Skeena River, thus assuring that it would not fall into less honorable hands.

Cataline's trusting nature, his distinguished generosity, and his lack of business sense destined him to die penniless. But he died rich in having selflessly served his fellow man and his adopted country throughout a long and law-abiding life and a colorful career.

Jean Jaques Caux lies in a little-known grave in the old cemetery at Hazelton. A stone cairn in which a mule shoe is embedded marks his trail's end. The location is breathtaking and serene, on a high river bench with a sweeping view of his beloved Hazelton and the rampaging junction of the mighty Skeena and Bulkley rivers. The Rocher Deboule mountain range reposes loftily above in snow-swept majesty, rugged sentinels, a fitting monument for a rugged pioneer.



British Columbia Archives and Records Service

Jean Caux in later years.

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Fighting Fire With Fire

The Strategy Behind Forsyth's Scouts

By MICHAEL ANTONUCCI

The desperate fight at Beecher Island in September 1868 has become legendary in the history of the West. The tale of fifty-one scouts under Brevet Colonel George Forsyth staving off the attacks of 700–1,000 Cheyenne, Arapaho, and Sioux warriors, and suffering near-starvation before their rescue, is one of the most dramatic ever told. Survivors of the battle told their stories; contemporary writers covered the fight in depth; and western historians like George Bird Grinnell have secured the Cheyenne side of the story from surviving participants.

National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center

Charles Schreyvogel's *A Hot Trail,* depicting Roman Nose leading a charge against Beecher Island.

The drama of the fight, however, has overshadowed the mission of Forsyth's scouts. The United States Army was having terrible difficulties coping with the hit-and-run tactics the Indians used on the Great Plains. The formation of Forsyth's scouts was an attempt to counter those tactics. The Beecher Island battle spelled the demise of Forsyth's strategy and deserves examination from that standpoint.

In the summer of 1868, whites in western Kansas and eastern Colorado suffered severely from Cheyenne, Arapaho, Kiowa, and Sioux raids. Those tribes had uncharacteristically formed a strong alliance against the encroachments of settlers into their territories. Major General Philip Sheridan, at the time commanding the Department of the Missouri, was wholly unequipped in terms of manpower to deter the attacks. After the Civil War, demobilization had come quickly and the army simply did not have enough soldiers to defend such a vast area.

In the traditional manner of guerrillas, Indian raiders would strike a settlement or wagon train and be far away by the time cavalry troopers arrived. The need for supplies, which could slow a company to a crawl, encumbered pursuit, while the Indians, moving through their own territories, stayed out of reach. The cavalry would often return without having engaged any braves, only to be sent out again after another war party. Chasing an elusive foe created great frustration in the army—and in Sheridan's headquarters.

Two years earlier, an article written by the famous scout Jim Bridger appeared in the *Kearney* (Nebraska) *Herald.* Bridger suggested that the best way to fight Indians was to imitate their tactics. His plan was to create a small, highly mobile, well-armed troop of horsemen with tracking and scouting experience who could dog and harass Indian raiding parties.

Perhaps Forsyth, of the Ninth Cavalry, saw the article. Forsyth had served with distinction with Sheridan in the Civil War and was a capable soldier. In late August 1868, he proposed raising a troop of scouts to trail the hostile

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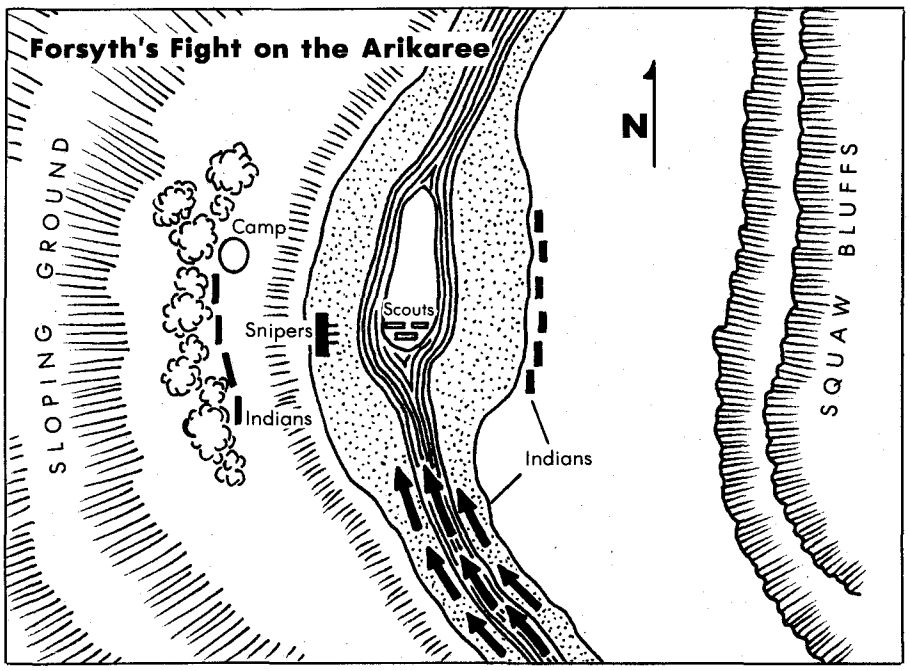
Cheyennes, Arapahos, and Sioux, freeing the regular army to defend the larger settlements. Sheridan liked the idea, and ordered Forsyth to immediately muster "fifty first-class hardy frontiersmen, to be used as scouts against the hostile Indians, to be commanded by yourself." Forsyth quickly went to work.

Forsyth chose as his second-in-command Lieutenant Frederick H. Beecher, another Civil War hero and the nephew of the famous cleric Henry Ward Beecher. Dr. John H. Mooers was brought on as surgeon, and W.H.H. McCall was chosen as first sergeant. Forsyth then gathered another forty-seven civilian volunteers from Fort Hays and Fort Harker. The opportunity for steady work and action attracted the men. Because the army had no provision to pay for scouts, Forsyth had to enlist the men as part of the Quartermaster Corps. Each man was promised fifty dollars per month, plus another twenty-five dollars if he supplied his own horse. They were a mixed bunch. About half of them were Civil War veterans. Many were experienced frontiersmen, but some were just enthusiastic amateurs. Forsyth chose as guide one of the best scouts of the time, Abner "Sharp" Grover. Grover was married to a Sioux woman, spoke Sioux fluently, and was unmatched as an Indian tracker.

The detachment had no sooner been gathered than they were sent out in pursuit of Cheyennes who had been raiding near the Saline River in western Kansas. The small band set out from Fort Hays on August 29. Their supplies and arms were in keeping with the tactics that Forsyth planned to employ—Spencer seven-shot repeating carbines and Colt army revolvers. Each man carried 170 rounds of ammunition, and four pack mules carried an extra 4,000 cartridges. They brought a week's worth of provisions, with some extra coffee and salt for any game they might come across. They carried no tents.

Eight days later Forsyth's scouts were settled in at Fort Wallace, having spent the week in a fruitless search for Indians. The first foray had exposed some flaws in Forsyth's idea. While many of his men were experienced trackers, they were also operating in areas where few of them had been before. They lacked adequate maps, making it difficult to find anyone, much less an elusive and clever enemy. While they were certainly mobile enough to maintain the Cheyennes' pace, supplies limited them to a week's scouting. That limitation meant the troop needed quick results when on the trail.



In late August 1868, Forsyth proposed raising a troop of scouts to trail the hostile Cheyennes, Arapahos, and Sioux, freeing the regular army to defend the larger settlements. Sheridan liked the idea, and ordered Forsyth to muster "fifty first-class hardy frontiersmen, to be used as scouts against the hostile Indians. . ."

On September 10, word reached Fort Wallace that a large war party of Cheyennes had attacked a wagon train near Sheridan City, a few miles east of the fort. Forsyth's scouts drew rations for seven days and went after the raiders. Grover found the Cheyenne trail almost immediately, and the scouts followed it in a northwesterly direction. The Cheyennes had used their standard tactic of dividing every few miles, thus scattering the trail. Forsyth's scouts soon lost track of them, but continued northwest toward the good buffalo country where they expected to find the trail again. After a couple of days, they instead came upon the trail of what Grover believed to be an entire Indian village moving north. Tracks of tent poles being dragged and the absence of game in the vicinity indicated a group of perhaps 2,000 men, women, and children.

At that point one man suggested that perhaps heading back to Fort Wallace would be a good idea. But after spending the better part of two weeks fruitlessly searching for Indians, Forsyth was concerned about how Sheridan would react to his abandoning a fresh trail. He decided to press on.

By the afternoon of September 16, the scouts had been out for a week and rations were running low. Around 4:00 p.m., they arrived in a broad valley—they had reached the Arickaree Fork of the Republican River. The river was almost completely dry, with only a trickle of water running through the center of the riverbed. With water and good grazing nearby, Forsyth decided to bivouac early and continue upstream the next morning. The scouts set up camp on the south bank. The riverbed was about 140 yards wide at that point, with a low, narrow island in the center. The island was about one hundred yards long, with a single cottonwood tree and overgrown with grass and alder bushes. Sharp Grover and nineteen-year-old Jack Stillwell reconnoitered before settling down for the night. The horses were picketed and guards were posted, but Forsyth was uneasy. He had good reason.

Less than twelve miles downstream stood two large Sioux villages and another village of Cheyennes and Northern Arapahos. Early that morning, Sioux scouts had spotted Forsyth's troopers. While some went off to warn their chiefs, the rest followed Forsyth's men as they headed *upstream,* away from the Indian villages. Since Forsyth

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planned to continue upstream the next day, he might have missed the Indians altogether had they not set up an ambush.

Chief Pawnee Killer led the Sioux; chiefs White Horse and Tall Bull led the Cheyennes, most of whom were Dog Soldiers. Also with the Cheyennes was one of their best warriors, Roman Nose. He had a long string of coups and, though not a chief, the Cheyennes considered him to be their natural warlord. He once declined to become a chief on the grounds that after years on the warpath he lacked the civil qualities to be a good chief.

Upon receiving word of Forsyth's party, the chiefs immediately mustered between 700 and 1,000 braves and set out for the Arickaree. Completely undetected by Forsyth's men, they set up an ambush upstream from the island. Sigmund Shlesinger, the youngest of Forsyth's band, later recounted how lucky the scouts were to choose that particular campsite. "Had we traveled but half a mile further we would have fallen into an ambush most ingeniously prepared, and the scheme so favored by topographical formation of the country, that had we passed that way, not a mother's son of us would probably have escaped alive!" he said.

A troop mustered to track and harass Indians thus found itself in hostile territory, vastly outnumbered, and saved only by good fortune from being wiped out to a man. Forsyth's band spent the night undisturbed, due to an Indian aversion to night attacks. The Indians believed that if a brave were killed in the dark, he would spent all eternity in darkness, so they avoided night battle whenever possible.

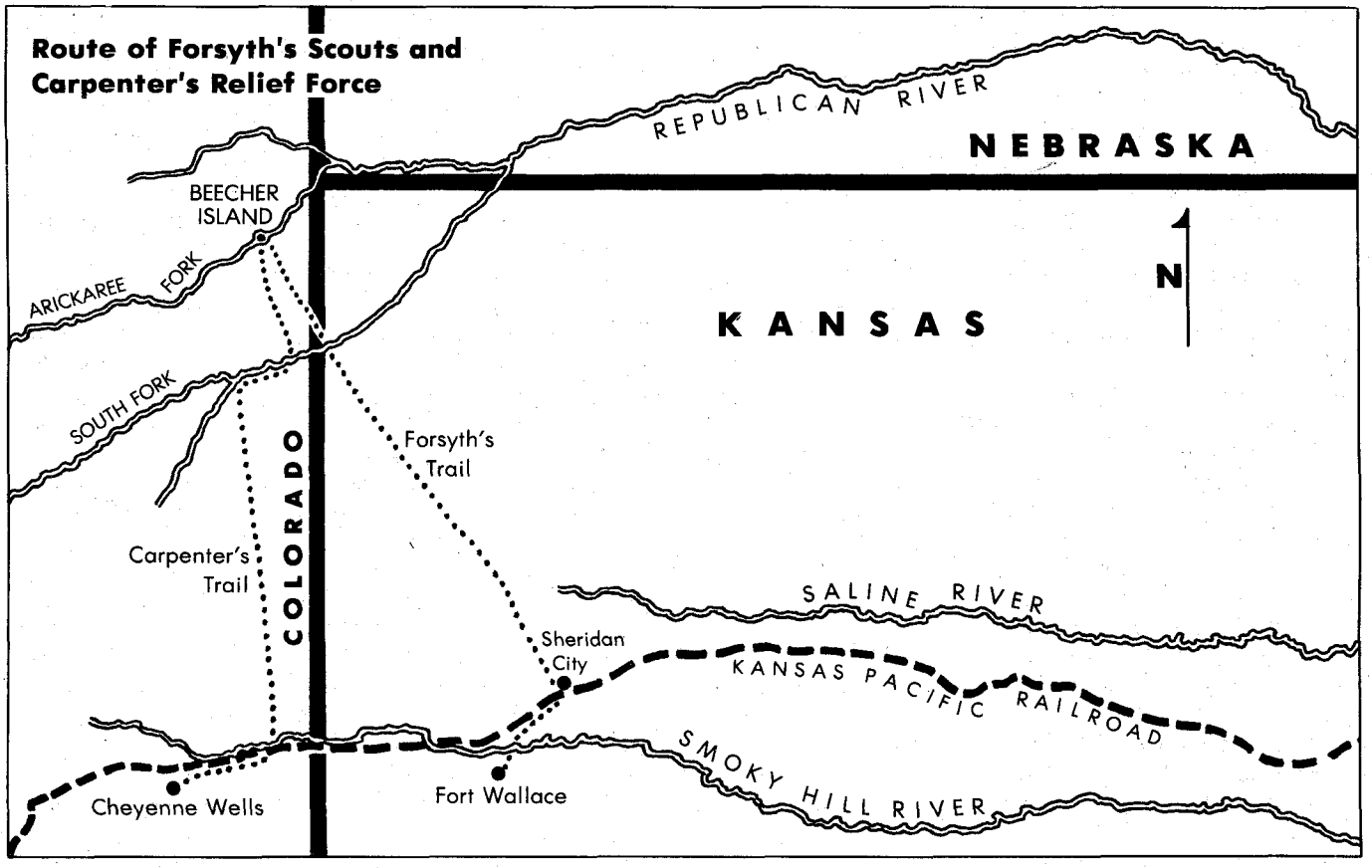
Shouts of "Indians!" awoke the troopers at dawn. Cheyenne braves Starving Elk and Little Hawk along with six Sioux had gotten among the mounts, rattling bells and pounding buffalo hides in order to frighten the horses. Most accounts state that seven horses were driven off, but it is more likely that the four pack mules were immediately lost, as the troopers later suffered from a lack of medical supplies. The roused soldiers soon drove the Indians away. After a short pause, Sharp Grover shouted, "My God! Look at the Injuns!"

On the horizon, lined up in the drying riverbed to the south, were hundreds of mounted Indian braves adorned in full war regalia. As the Indians began their charge, Grover and Stillwell quickly realized the scouts' precarious position and suggested to Forsyth that they make a stand on the island. Forsyth hurriedly agreed.

Once on the island, the troopers barely had enough time to circle the horses; dig shallow rifle pits with hands, tin cups, and knives; and take cover. The Indian attack was fierce, but concentrated volleys from the Spencer repeaters forced the Indians to ride around the island, instead of over it. Stillwell and two others sniped effectively from the tall grass beneath the river bank. The battle settled down into a regular siege. With food and medicine gone, prospects were not good for Forsyth and his little army.

The details of the rest of the battle—the fearsome attacks, the deaths of Roman Nose and Lieutenant Beecher, the escape of Stillwell and Trudeau, the near-starvation, Forsyth's severe wounds, and the cinematic climax of the relieving cavalry riding over the hill—have been told many times. Rather than repeating the narrative yet again, let us examine those details which illustrate how a good idea—the use of Indian tactics against Indians—went bad.

Having spent all their time and effort in searching for Indians, Forsyth and his men gave almost no thought to what to do if they found any. As it turned out, Forsyth almost missed the band of 2,000 altogether. Once the battle began, Forsyth's scouts showed their real worth. They were dogged fighters, excellent shots, highly disciplined for



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Frederic Remington Art Museum

Frederic Remington's *Forsyth's Fight on the Republican River.*

irregulars, and unquestionably courageous (the accounts which have survived note only one instance of cowardice). But the irony of their situation really set in on the third day of the siege, when the Indians began to dig their own rifle pits and gave up the mounted charges which had cost so many lives. A company formed to compete with the Indians in their own special brand of mobile, unconventional warfare was now engaged in a trench fight with a numerically superior foe—a situation perfectly suited for the regular army!

On the first night Stillwell and old trapper Pierre Trudeau managed to get through the Indian lines and headed for Fort Wallace, almost 125 miles away. Forsyth gave them his crude map and compass and, considering the circumstances, they made good time. But most accounts note that the two scouts had some trouble finding the fort, with an exhausted Trudeau exclaiming, "Christ! There's the damn road!" as they finally came across the recently built federal road to Fort Wallace. That such experienced men were lost indicates a lack of familiarity with the territory—a familiarity essential to the type of operations Sheridan and Forsyth envisioned. Stillwell and Trudeau arrived at Fort Wallace on the night of September 21 and left to relieve Forsyth the next day with Lieutenant Colonel Henry Bankhead, one hundred men, and two mountain howitzers. Details of Bankhead's march are hard to find, but the column must have gotten lost because two other scouts, Allison Pliley and John Donovan, escaped through Indian lines on September 19, made it to Fort Wallace after Bankhead had gone, set out to return, linked with a detachment of Colonel Louis H. Carpenter's all-black Tenth Cavalry, headed up the wrong fork of the Republican River—and still arrived at Beecher Island a day before Bankhead. Granted, Carpenter made uncommon time and Bankhead was laden with howitzers, but the delay could have cost the lives of Forsyth's entire troop.

Carpenter was concerned that there would be no survivors by the time he arrived with his entire force and their thirteen wagons, so he created a flying column of thirty troopers and an ambulance, and set out for the Arickaree with John Donovan as a guide. The sight of Carpenter's cavalry coming over the hill understandably set off wild celebration among the remnants of Forsyth's command. Shlesinger said, "When Old Glory and those faded blue uniforms came marching across Arickaree Valley at double-quick, sobs, tears and even laughter and hysteria mingled!"

What historians have ignored is the possible fate of Carpenter's troops had they run into the Dog Soldiers while wandering around the forks of the Republican River. Fortunately for them, by that time the Indians had lost interest in the fight and had withdrawn to care for their wounded and mourn their dead. Chroniclers also barely mention the fact that with Forsyth, Carpenter, and Bankhead all in the field together Fort Wallace was left with no horses and only eight men under Lieutenant Hugh Johnson for defense. Forsyth's foray could have been even more costly to the settlers than it was to him, as the towns were practically defenseless for the duration of the rescue.

After the fight at Beecher Island, scouts were employed in their customary role as auxiliaries to the regular army and much less as an independent force. It is interesting to speculate about how Forsyth's scouts might have evolved had they had adequate training and maps, more time to familiarize themselves with hostile territory, and less incentive to force an engagement with a large band of Indian warriors. The "Island of Death" has long been the focus of the tale of the battle on the Arickaree. Forsyth's experiment in counterinsurgent warfare, however, has gone largely unexamined, perhaps ensuring that the United States Army would continue to make the same mistakes when facing other skilled guerrillas.

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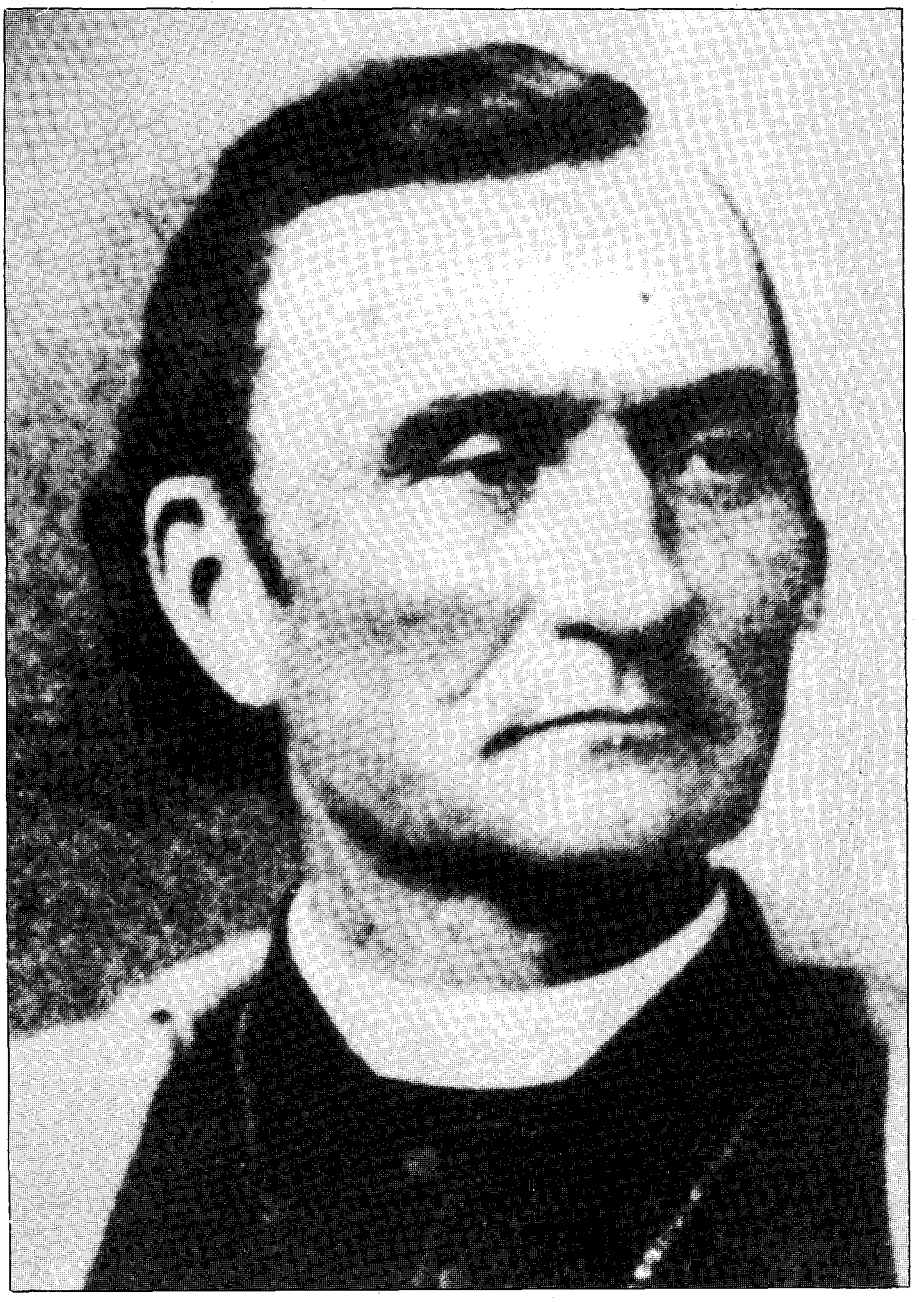
A Singular Friendship

By JACQUELINE DORGAN MEKETA

To the Catholic nuns and priests in the small caravan of wagons pushing ever westward across the endless plains under the August sun in 1852, the trip seemed interminable. They had been on the Santa Fe Trail more than a month; in that time many of their party had become ill, and some had died. Wild storms filled with thunder, lightning, and torrential downpours had buffeted them as they struggled across the treeless prairie.



Museum of New Mexico

Jean Baptiste Lamy, archbishop of Santa Fe, saved Levi Spiegelberg's life along the Santa Fe Trail.

The terrible solitude and vast distances were frightening to the nuns and priests, who were new to the open wilderness. Their wagons broke down frequently, causing inconvenience and delays. Once the small caravan was followed and watched for a whole day by more than three hundred Indians. Fortunately for the frightened travelers they were not attacked, but the bishop in charge decreed that thereafter they would rest during the day and travel at night. He reasoned, "Indians do not usually attack after dark."

Then one morning just as the travelers were about to set up camp, they spotted a train of twenty-five wagons halted up ahead. As they drew closer, the clerics observed some Mexican teamsters carrying a man into an isolated and abandoned, tumble-down sod hut.

When the bishop, Jean Baptiste Lamy, inquired about the proceedings, the Mexicans told him they were sure the man had cholera. They refused to travel any farther with him for fear of contracting the deadly disease. They also gave a name to the man they were deserting—Levi Spiegelberg.

The bishop entered the dilapidated shack. Only a few weeks earlier, Lamy's party of clerics had fallen victim to the disease, and the Mother Superior of the traveling nuns had died of it. Lamy nonetheless told the suffering man, "We could not think of leaving you here in this lonely prairie cabin. We willingly make room for you in our covered wagon and will nurse you until you regain your strength. We are not afraid of contagion."

Thus began a most unusual and splendid relationship between men who, at first glance, would seem worlds apart yet had much more in common than most. The friendship not only had a strong impact on Santa Fe's history but also generated some interesting tales.

Lamy, the French-born prelate, was sent to New Mexico in 1851, after it became part of the United States. His mission was to institute progressive programs among the Catholic Hispanos

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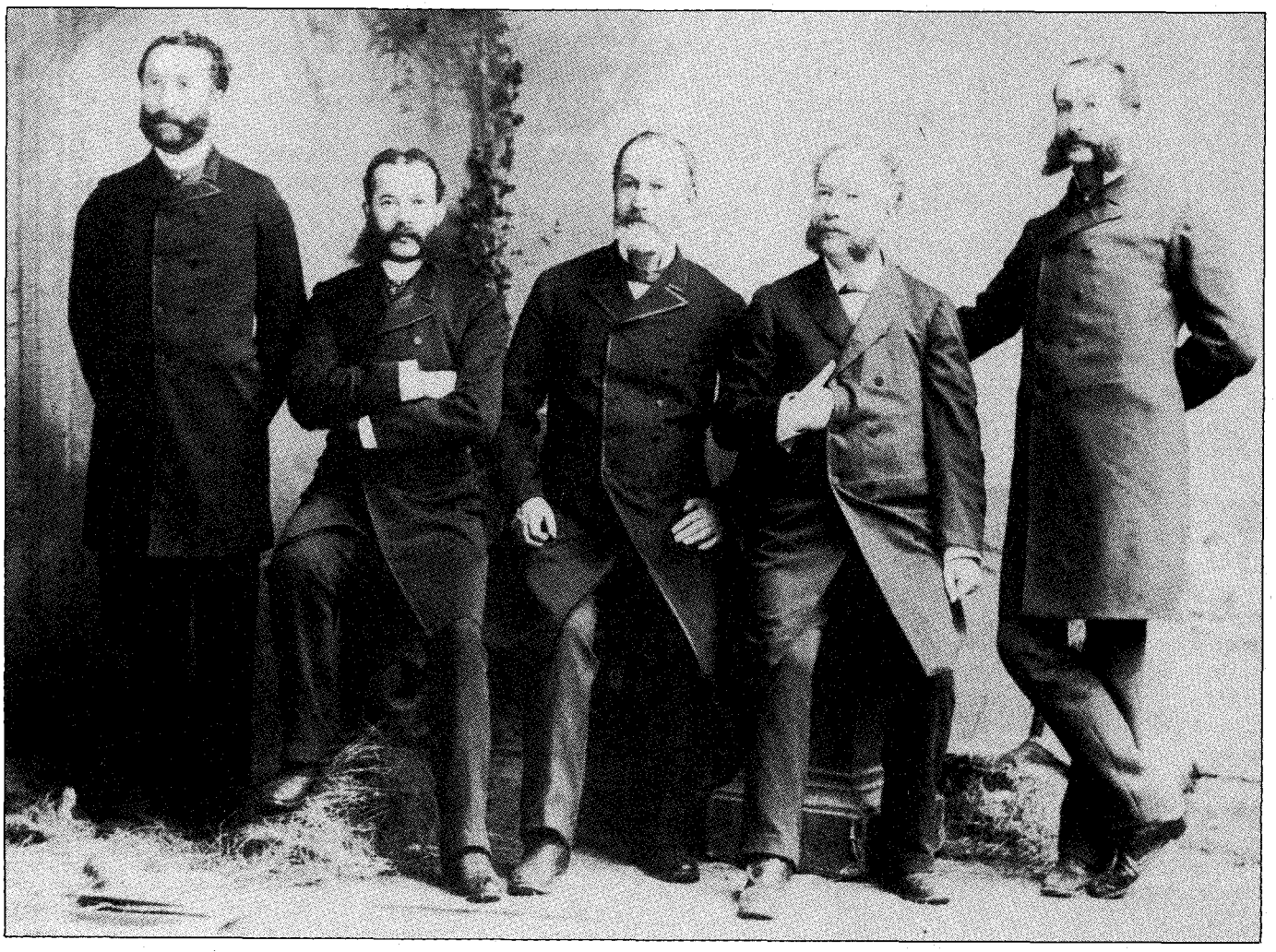

Museum of New Mexico

From left to right: Willi, whose wife was a special friend to the archbishop; Emanuel; S.J. (or Jacob), who established the successful family business; Levi, whose life was saved by the archbishop; and Lehman Spiegelberg.

who comprised most of the population. When he arrived the territory was primitive and impoverished. There were few priests; the humble adobe churches had dirt floors, no pews, and leaking roofs; the people were poor and illiterate; and Indian raids were still commonplace. It would take almost superhuman efforts on his part over the next few decades not only to provide the populace with proper religious observances but also to supply them with social services ranging from education to medical care.

Levi Spiegelberg was a Prussian-born Jew whose eldest brother, Solomon Jacob, had arrived in New Mexico in 1846 at the age of twenty. S.J., as he was known, soon became a sutler supplying the United States Army. Before long he launched a general merchandise firm in Santa Fe and sent to Europe for Levi to come help. As the business expanded throughout the territory, three other brothers arrived, one at a time, to join in the venture. Eventually the family would become prominent civic leaders in Santa Fe, and their interests in retail and wholesale merchandising would evolve into even more widespread investments.

By the time the wagon train reached Santa Fe, young Levi was almost well, and the incident had fostered strong ties between the Catholic bishop and the grateful Spiegelbergs. They often helped each other during the next few years as the bishop struggled to build a cohesive religious organization to serve his flock in that poverty-stricken area and as the Spiegelbergs worked to create a wide network of merchandise establishments, suppliers, and customers. Thus, the hardships they all faced, their mutual European cultural background, and their isolation in the pioneer Southwest of the mid-1800s helped forge their unique friendship.

There were few Jews and no synagogue in predominately Catholic Santa Fe in those early days. As a result, Yom Kippur and other religious ceremonies were often held in private homes. Bishop Lamy was usually present and always brought wine, fruit, and flowers from his garden as gifts. In turn, when the bishop was trying to raise money to build a cathedral, the Spiegelberg family donated five hundred dollars, a considerable sum for those days.

Above the main archway of the cathedral is a keystone which has long been an item of discussion, research, and controversy. It contains a triangle, within which is inscribed in bold Hebrew characters a word used as a name for the Hebrew God—*Adonai.* Upon seeing it, Flora Spiegelberg is reputed to have cried in surprise, "Monseigneur, you have not only preached the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, irrespective of race, creed, or color, but you have practiced it daily." Lamy's reply was not recorded for posterity.

For many decades the keystone was commonly seen as Lamy's way of symbolizing his friendship and gratitude to the Jewish community of Santa Fe. In recent years, however, a number of scholars have demonstrated that the Hebrew inscription within a triangle

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Robert H. Martin, Museum of New Mexico

This statue, known as *La Conquistadora* because it had accompanied the Spanish soldiers when they successfully recaptured Santa Fe in 1693 from Pueblo Indians after their 1680 revolt, was taken as a plaything by a Spiegelberg child.

was a commonly used symbol for the Christian doctrine of the Holy Trinity. Nevertheless, for Flora Spiegelberg the keystone always represented both a personal friendship and the harmony which existed between Jews and Catholics in early Santa Fe.

Eventually Levi Spiegelberg moved to New York to serve as a purchasing agent for the New Mexico enterprise. Two of the other brothers left the business, and a fourth was tragically crushed to death in the collapse of a weakened adobe wall. From then on, brothers Lehman and Willi were the only two "Santa Fe" Spiegelbergs, but they and their families remained close friends of the bishop. Willi would sometimes recount the story of how he, like Levi, almost lost his life crossing the Santa Fe Trail, describing how he barely escaped being massacred by the Kaw Indians in 1861.

Bishop Lamy loved to garden. He brought many seeds, plants, nuts, and bulbs to Santa Fe from the East and from Europe. He shared them with Flora Spiegelberg, Willi's wife, who was especially close to Lamy. An educated and cultured woman, she was able to converse with Lamy in his native French, and the two of them often traded gardening tips and surplus fruits and vegetables from their plots.

One morning, after moving into her newly-constructed home, Flora looked out to see the eminent Catholic clergyman on his knees, planting two willow trees by her gate and then blessing the home and its inhabitants. Several years later, in a return gesture, Flora presented Lamy with an olive-wood rosary she had had blessed in Jerusalem and at the Vatican.

Probably the most revered sacred object among Santa Fe Catholics is a tiny statue of the Madonna made of painted gesso and wood and called *La Conquistadora*. The first European settlers, Onate's party, brought the statue to New Mexico in 1598. It was taken to Mexico when the Spanish settlers fled from the Indians during the Pueblo Rebellion of 1680. During the reconquest in 1692 it was returned once again to New Mexico.

Every May, the faithful dress the statue in beautiful robes and carry it on

Museum of New Mexico

One of several stores the successful Spiegelberg brothers established in various New Mexico towns.

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an ornate, canopied litter from its usual location in a Santa Fe chapel through the streets in a religous procession.

One year during the ceremonial march, the men carrying *La Conquistadora* stopped to pray at a spot near the home of Willi Spiegelberg and put down the litter. The littlest Spiegelberg, a girl of only four or five, slipped unnoticed through the crowd and plucked the beautiful "doll" from its canopied recess. The loss was not discovered until later at the cathedral, and the mysterious disappearance caused astonishment, concern, and fear among the participants. Some of the more superstitious thought the departure had been supernatural.

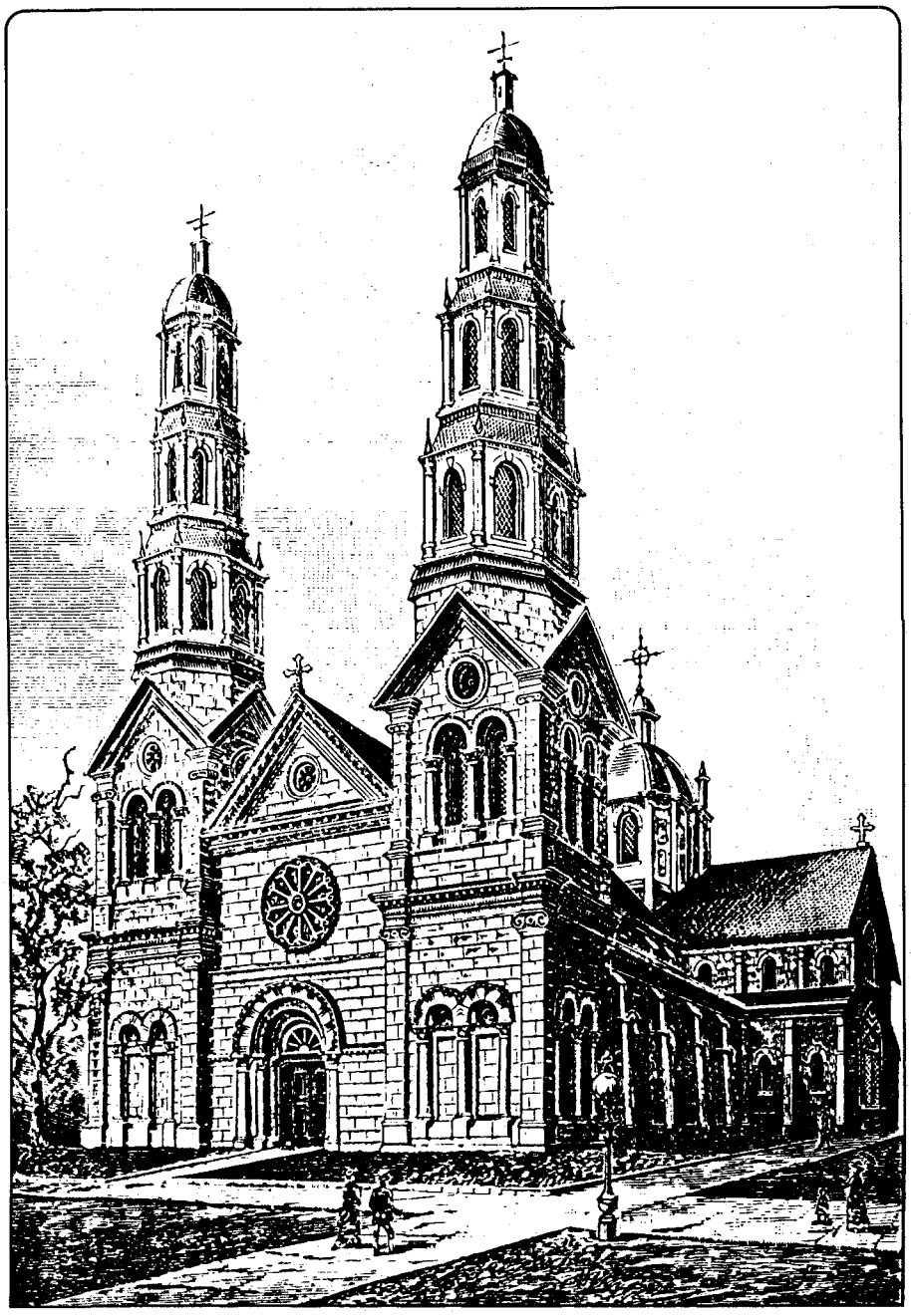
That evening when Flora Spiegelberg kissed her daughter good-night, she found the statue on the bed pillow where the child had placed it. Horrified that this most revered object had been treated as a plaything, Mrs. Spiegelberg rushed to the bishop's house to return it with profuse and embarrassed apologies.

Bishop Lamy listened to her explanation, then "roared with laughter," and comforted his apprehensive friend with a glass of wine and assurances. Many months later a beautifully dressed wax doll from Paris arrived at the Spiegelberg home with a note to the little girl telling her it was "to replace the little Madonna" which had been taken away from her.

As New Mexico's economy expanded over the years, so did the Spiegelberg brothers' influence and success. They spread their commercial interests into mining, real estate, insurance, and construction. They also served as sutlers and mail route contractors for several army posts and Indian agencies. Finally, to protect their own interests, they established a bank in Santa Fe in 1872.

Bishop Lamy, during this time, had built up a diocesan see that contained numerous churches and well-trained clergy, schools, hospitals, convents, and orphanages. While the Spiegelbergs dominated the social life of Santa Fe, Bishop Lamy dominated the spiritual. Both were extremely powerful.

In 1875 Lamy was elevated to archbishop of New Mexico. Prominent in planning the celebration for the ordination of this Catholic prelate was Flora Spiegelberg, the Jewish grande dame of Santa Fe. Her husband, Willi, presided over the formal dinner following the ceremonies, attended by papal delegates from Rome and the archbishops of Arizona and Colorado.



Ritch, 1885

Santa Fe's St. Francis Cathedral, Lamy's pride and joy. His friends, the Spiegelbergs, contributed generously to construction costs. The tall towers in the drawing were never actually completed.

When President and Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes visited the city in 1880 with General William Tecumseh Sherman, they dined at the home of Lehman Spiegelberg. Among the guests, of course, was Archbishop Lamy.

On February 13, 1888, church bells all over Santa Fe began a mournful toll. Lehman and Willi Spiegelberg knew what that meant. Their long-time friend, Archbishop Lamy, frail and elderly, had died. It was as though his death marked the passing of an era. Within five years, by 1893, the last of the Spiegelberg family's interests in New Mexico were liquidated and the brothers returned to the East. They had, however, left an indelible mark on New Mexico, as had Jean Baptiste Lamy.

Because of the Spiegelberg family's pioneering work, a large Jewish community in the Southwest was established and great progress made in modernizing the area. Because of Lamy's selfless dedication, opportunities for education, health care, and spiritual support were made available to early New Mexico's Catholics. That splendid friendship between people of such disparate religious beliefs served as a beautiful example in the tricultural mixing pot of colorful early New Mexico.

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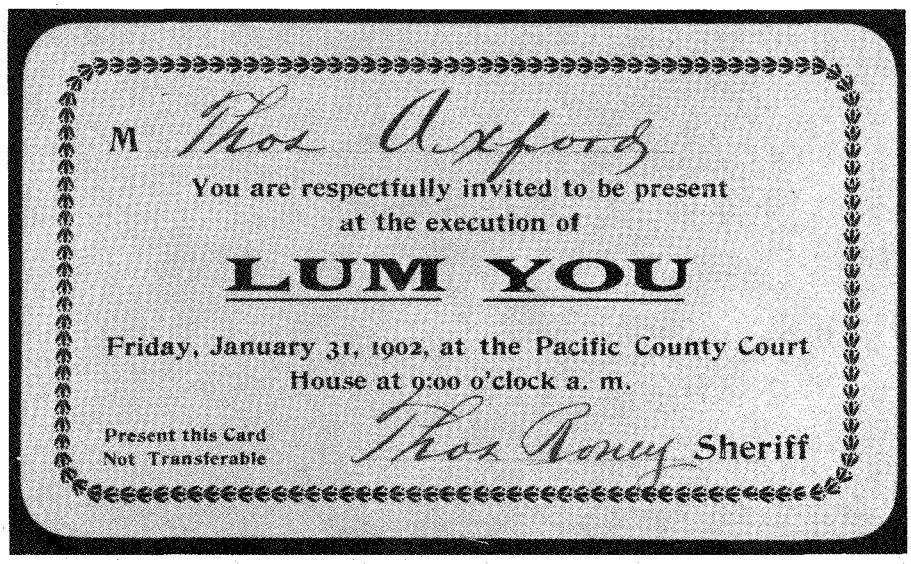
By Invitation Only

The Hanging of Lum You

By LARRY HENNIGH


M Thos Oxford
You are respectfully invited to be present
at the execution of
LUM YOU
Friday, January 31, 1902, at the Pacific County Court
House at 9:00 o'clock a. m.
Present this Card
Not Transferable
Thos Roney Sheriff

Pacific County Historical Society

One of five hundred invitations to the hanging of Lum You, signed by Sheriff Roney.

Bloom bumped into Lum, knocking over his chair and spilling his cards. Angry words were spoken, and Bloom became belligerent. Later that night neighbors heard a shot outside Bloom's home. The next morning neighbors found Bloom in his bed, dying of a bullet wound.

Lum You's last morning on earth marked several minor turning points in western history. He was the first and only person executed in Pacific County, Washington. He inspired 500 authentic memorabilia of the Old West. And he served as a case study of the plight of the Chinese in turn-of-the-century America.

Many Chinese lived in the Willapa Bay area of the Washington coast in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. They worked in canneries, oyster beds, cranberry bogs, or whereever else reliable, unobtrusive labor was needed.

One of the few Orientals who became widely known as an individual was Lum You (also spelled Lum Yow). Lum was a conspicuous success in his new land. A gold watch and watch fob, jade bracelets, and Chinese-style chains across his vest set off his well-tailored Western suits. He had an unusually long queue, which he sometimes braided with lengths of silk ending in an ornamental tassel.

The only thing known for certain about the source of Lum You's wealth is that it came from his fellow Chinese. He lived at the Chabot cranberry bogs in workmen's quarters known as "China House." His situation as a mediator between Chinese laborers and their employers allowed for secret fees. Adding to Lum You's opportunities to extract money from other Chinese were the large amounts of opium smoked at China House and the continuous gambling there.

According to reminiscences collected by the Pacific County Historical Society, Lum You was proud, dignified, consistently cheerful, and took special delight in entertaining children. Residents recalled that as children they enjoyed his witty conversation and his gifts of "a fruit with a large seed which tasted like a plump grape" (i.e. litchi nuts).

Lum You's local fame grew in 1898, when he complained to South Bend, Washington, police chief Marion Egbert about another Chinese. In those days, Chinese were expected to settle their differences among themselves without burdening the law. Egbert angrily replied that he did not want to hear about the matter. When Lum asked for advice, Egbert answered, "I don't care. Chop off his head if you want to."

Lum You complied. He struck his antagonist in the head with an axe as he slept. The victim survived, but Lum was sentenced to six months in prison and fined five hundred dollars.

Lum's literal interpretation of Egbert's irony was an enduring source of local amusement. Since it was Marion who violated the rule to "be careful what you say to a Chinaman," Lum's reputation was not harmed. But he acquired a criminal record which he by no means needed.

Events took an ugly turn at Gracey's store in Bay Center, Washington, on August 6, 1901. A burly oysterman named Oscar Bloom went on a drunken spree which ended with Lum You's shooting him. Accounts differ, but basically Bloom bumped into Lum, knocking over his chair and spilling his cards. Angry words were spoken, and Bloom became belligerent. Later that night neighbors heard a shot outside Bloom's home. The next morning neighbors found Bloom in his bed, dying of a bullet wound.

Bloom made a long, hesitating statement to a notary public, identifying Lum You as the one who fired the shot. According to Bloom, he had met Lum in an alley on the way home. "I may have had a few words with him. . . . I don't remember the words." Later Lum appeared on his porch, shot him with a pistol, and ran away. Bloom ended his

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account, "I am making this statement in the full belief that I am dying sure as if a doctor was here."

A few minutes later a doctor arrived and confirmed Bloom's prognosis. A .38 caliber bullet had penetrated Bloom's bladder and intestine and had lodged in his spine. Twenty-three hours after the shot was fired, Oscar Bloom died.

When law officers arrived at China House in South Bend, they found Lum You waiting. He readily admitted to firing the fatal shot and gave his side of the story. He claimed that as he was going home he found Bloom waiting for him in an alley. Bloom had seized him by the throat with one hand, choking him, while he removed forty dollars in bills and seventy-five cents in coins from Lum's pocket with the other. Bloom threatened to kill him the next time they met, so Lum went to his room, put one bullet in his .38 caliber pistol, went to Bloom's front porch, and shot him from about five feet away.

The two versions seemed to support each other. Where Bloom had been specific, Lum was in basic agreement. Where Bloom had been vague, Lum was accusatory. Lum appeared to have given the fuller account, and the public sympathized with him. Bloom had been belligerent and being much the bigger man had behaved as a bully. Many believed Lum had ended a fight that Bloom had started.

Oscar Bloom, however, had owned a skiff and a bateau and had a lease on five acres of oyster bed. That hardly qualified him as local aristocracy, but he technically was among the class who employed Chinese laborers. Regular employers of Chinese feared it would set a dangerous example if Lum You got away with killing a white man. Prosecution, therefore, was vigorous.

Lum You's trial was set for October 1, but delayed until October 15. Attorney William H. Gudgel defended Lum vigorously but had a weak case. Lum unquestionably had pulled the trigger. In fact, the case might not have come to trial at all if the presiding judge had not ruled that it was impossible to plead guilty to first-degree murder and that, therefore, all the evidence had to be heard.

When Lum You testified, the jury had difficulty following his rapid mixture of English and Chinese. Chinese translators did not help much, so Lum's defense had to be based largely on his earlier statements to police.

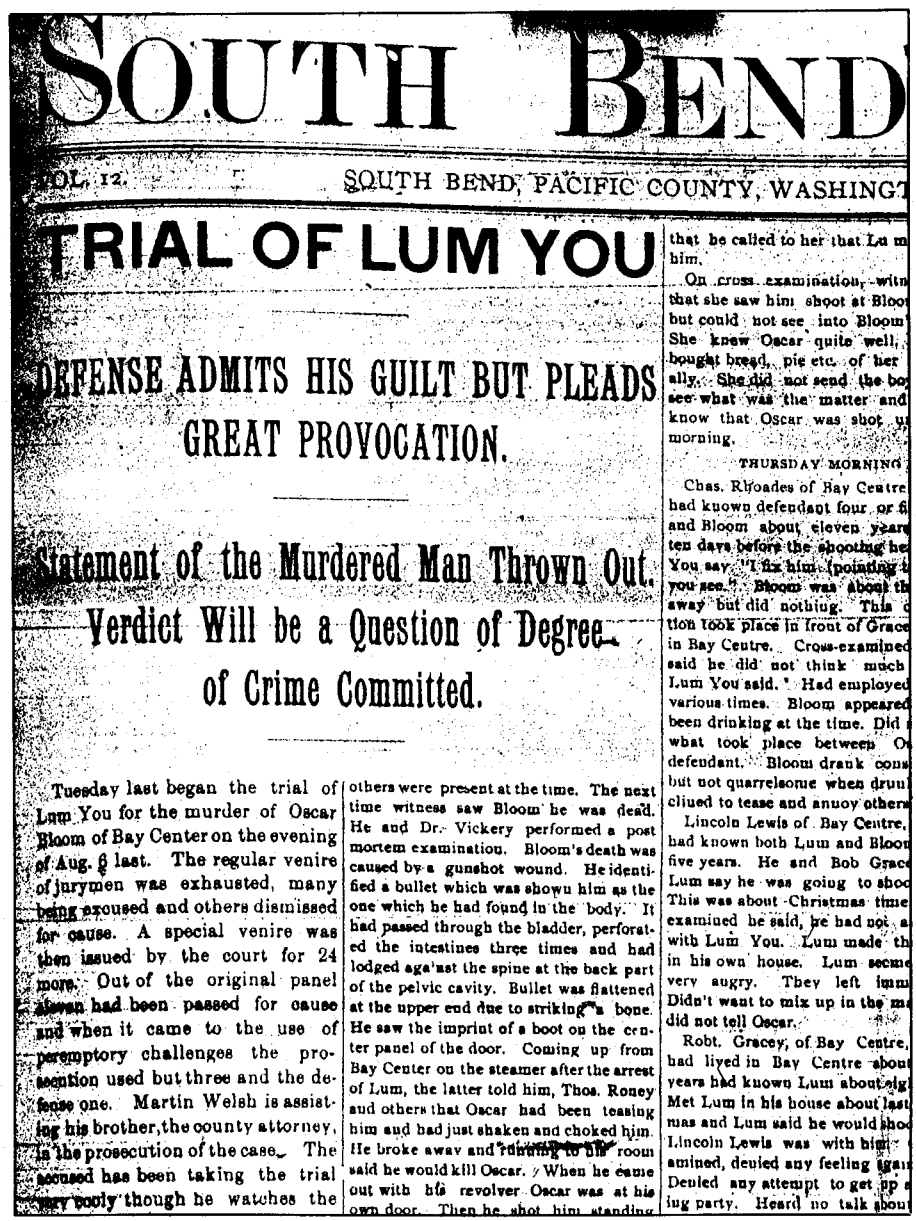
Under scrutiny Lum You's account began to fall apart. Oscar Bloom probably did bluster threats to kill Lum, but the theft of the forty dollars and seventy-five cents proved to be a self-serving fiction. Bloom had not spent the supposed loot, and no one ever found any of it. In the end, the verdict had to be murder in the first degree.

The Washington state legislature had voted that all executions for crimes committed after September 12, 1901, had to be carried out at the penitentiary in Walla Walla. Lum You had murdered Oscar Bloom before that date, so Pacific County officials had no choice but to prepare for what they knew would be their only execution.

Then Lum You mysteriously escaped. A two-hundred-dollar reward was offered for his capture; all places with telegraphs were wired to be on the lookout; and a posse was organized. Officials seemed baffled that Lum You could have escaped from his little jail unnoticed. Even Lum You's jail mate expressed mystification at the disappearance.

A rumor that an accomplice had made a wax impression of the jail key, produced a false key, and slipped it to Lum through the window fooled no one. Instead, a story spread that officials had deliberately left the door unlocked and had encouraged—some said begged or even ordered—Lum to leave town. Then, according to the story, they offered the reward for appearance's sake once they believed Lum was safely across the Columbia River.

That story was based on another equally unofficial account that the jury had first voted eleven to one for acquittal. One juryman was said to have stubbornly held out until the others changed



SOUTH BEND

VOL. 12. SOUTH BEND, PACIFIC COUNTY, WASHINGT

TRIAL OF LUM YOU

DEFENSE ADMITS HIS GUILT BUT PLEADS GREAT PROVOCATION.

Statement of the Murdered Man Thrown Out.

Verdict Will be a Question of Degree of Crime Committed.

Tuesday last began the trial of Lum You for the murder of Oscar Bloom of Bay Center on the evening of Aug. 8 last. The regular venire of jurymen was exhausted, many being excused and others dismissed for cause. A special venire was then issued by the court for 24 more. Out of the original panel eleven had been passed for cause and when it came to the use of peremptory challenges the prosecution used but three and the defense one. Martin Welsh is assisting his brother, the county attorney, in the prosecution of the case. The accused has been taking the trial very coolly though he watches the

others were present at the time. The next time witness saw Bloom he was dead. He and Dr. Vickery performed a post mortem examination. Bloom's death was caused by a gunshot wound. He identified a bullet which was shown him as the one which he had found in the body. It had passed through the bladder, perforated the intestines three times and had lodged against the spine at the back part of the pelvic cavity. Bullet was flattened at the upper end due to striking a bone. He saw the imprint of a boot on the center panel of the door. Coming up from Bay Center on the steamer after the arrest of Lum, the latter told him, Thos. Roney and others that Oscar had been teasing him and had just shaken and choked him. He broke away and running to his room said he would kill Oscar. When he came out with his revolver Oscar was at his own door. Then he shot him standing

that he called to her that Lu m him.

On cross examination, witn that she saw him shoot at Bloo but could not see into Bloom She knew Oscar quite well, bought bread, pie etc. of her ally. She did not send the bo see what was the matter and know that Oscar was shot u morning.

THURSDAY MORNING

Chas. Rhoades of Bay Centre had known defendant four or fi and Bloom about eleven years ten days before the shooting he You say, "I fix him (pointing t you see." Bloom was about th away but did nothing. This c tion took place in front of Grace in Bay Centre. Cross-examined said he did not think much Lum You said. Had employed various times. Bloom appeared been drinking at the time. Did what took place between O defendant. Bloom drank cons but not quarrelsome when drun cliued to tease and annoy others

Lincoln Lewis of Bay Centre, had known both Lum and Bloo five years. He and Bob Grace Lum say he was going to shoo This was about Christmas time examined he said, he had not a with Lum You. Lum made th in his own house. Lum seeme very angry. They left imm Didn't want to mix up in the m did not tell Oscar.

Robt. Gracey, of Bay Centre, had lived in Bay Centre about years had known Lum about sig Met Lum in his house about last mas and Lum said he would sho Lincoln Lewis was with him amined, denied any feeling agai Denied any attempt to get up a ing party. Heard no talk abou

Author's Collection

Lum You's trial was the lead story in the October 18, 1901, *South Bend Journal*.

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Pacific County Historical Society

Sheriff Thomas A. Roney, whose "most unpleasant duty" it was to preside over the hanging of Lum You.

their minds in the belief that Lum You would receive a light sentence. The jury was shocked when Judge A.E. Rice sentenced Lum to be hanged.

The fact that only one juryman signed a petition asking the governor to reduce the conviction to second-degree murder casts doubt on the story of the sympathetic jury. Whatever the truth of Lum's escape, two points stand out. He could not have escaped without the compliance of his jailers, and it would be extremely convenient if he simply disappeared.

Just when matters seemed to be working themselves out, Lum You turned himself in, saying he had heard about the reward and did not want to cause trouble. It soon became apparent that Lum feared deportation, a fate which he was sure would result in his being executed upon reaching his homeland. Of his choices, Lum considered execution in America to be the less disgraceful.

Officials were forced to proceed with what Sheriff Thomas A. Roney called his "most unpleasant duty." A trapdoor was built over an empty ventilator shaft in the county courthouse. Ropes were attached to four levers, which were to be pulled simultaneously. At least one lever was a dummy intended to keep the four executioners from knowing who had actually killed Lum You.

Sheriff Roney sent five hundred personally signed invitations to the hanging. He explained the grim gesture by stating he was determined to "impress upon the entire public the evil consequences of disregarding the law." That explanation is not entirely convincing: the people Roney invited were not the sort who needed the fear of justice seared into their souls. Instead, Roney appears to have engaged in a sly form of crowd control. Pro- and anti-Lum feelings ran strong, and the Chinese represented a third, unknown factor. By filling the town with people of predictable habits, Roney insured against rowdiness.

Jas Axford was assigned the death watch the night before the hanging. Ac-

EXTRA!

SOUTH BEND JOURNAL.

SOUTH BEND, WASH., JANUARY 14, 1902.

LUM YOU HAS ESCAPED!

WHEN VISITORS WENT TO SEE HIM TODAY, IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT HE HAD PASSED OUT, AIDED BY A FALSE KEY.

Lum You escaped from jail this (Tuesday) morning.

His whereabouts are as yet unknown though it is supposed that he went down the bay and headed for Astoria.

The last seen of him was a little after nine a. m. when Amon Markham the deputy sheriff built a fire in the jail stove. Mr. Markham says that he then saw him in his bunk and Gates says that after the deputy sheriff left that Lum went out to the stove with his trousers in his hand and dressed and then went back to his cell. There he vomited and acted as though he were sick.

Gates professes to be totally ignorant of how or when Lum escaped though it seems hardly possible and so small is the jail that it would not be possible for one prisoner to escape unseen by the other.

It is certain that Lum had an accomplice outside of the jail as there are no bars cut and no marks anywhere that he escaped by any other way except through the door. It is believed that some one took a wax impression of the lock and made a key therefrom. The door is locked with a heavy padlock, but it would not be much of a trick to make a key to fit it. Tracks which are supposed to be Lum's go in the direction of the river, but his trail is soon lost in the brush. No other person visited the jail except the janitor, J. R. Shippey, who took the prisoners' dinner into them about 12 o'clock. He did not see Lum then, but supposed he was in his cell, nor did Gates say anything about the escape of Lum. His absence was first discovered about 1:30 p. m. by Mr. Markham. P. D. Larson, of Bay Centre, accompanied by A. B. Griffith, C. J. Griffith and Jess West asked to be permitted to see Lum and Mr. Markham took them out to the jail. As they entered Gates said: "Lum not here."

Sheriff Roney was notified and a thorough search made of the ground in the immediate vicinity of the jail by Markham, Roney, J. H. Turner, J. L. Myers and Lum's would-be visitors.

All points accessible by telegraph or telephone, including the towns up the valley, Chehalis, Grays harbor cities, and Astoria, were sent the news, and Sheriff Roney is confident that Lum will be found..

Preparations had been progressing favorably for the execution of Lum You at 9 a. m. on Friday, Jan. 31. The invitations were about ready to be issued. As the jail is so small, Shosiff Roney had planned to have the hanging in the court room of the court house. Plans had been prepared by James Winters. As it had been decided to put a ventilator in the court room, Mr. Roney was going to put the trap underneath the opening made for the ventilator in the ceiling. No one was to know who sprung the trap as there were to be four ropes run to as many different points in the building, and all four ropes would have to pulled simultaneously to spring the trap, and it would never be known who pulled the the fatal rope.

Though two petitions had been circulated in Lum's behalf, there was little prospect of his sentence being commuted to life imprisonment, as only one of the jury which convicted him had signed it.

Mr. Markhom is sure that Lum did not escape until after 11 a. m., as up to that time he had been in the sheriff's office and the jail door was constantly in view. Auditor Dalton was with him a part of the time. Between 11 and 12 a. m. it is reported that a white boat with three persons in it crossed the river.

Author's Collection

Lum You's escape merited an extra edition of the *South Bend Journal*.

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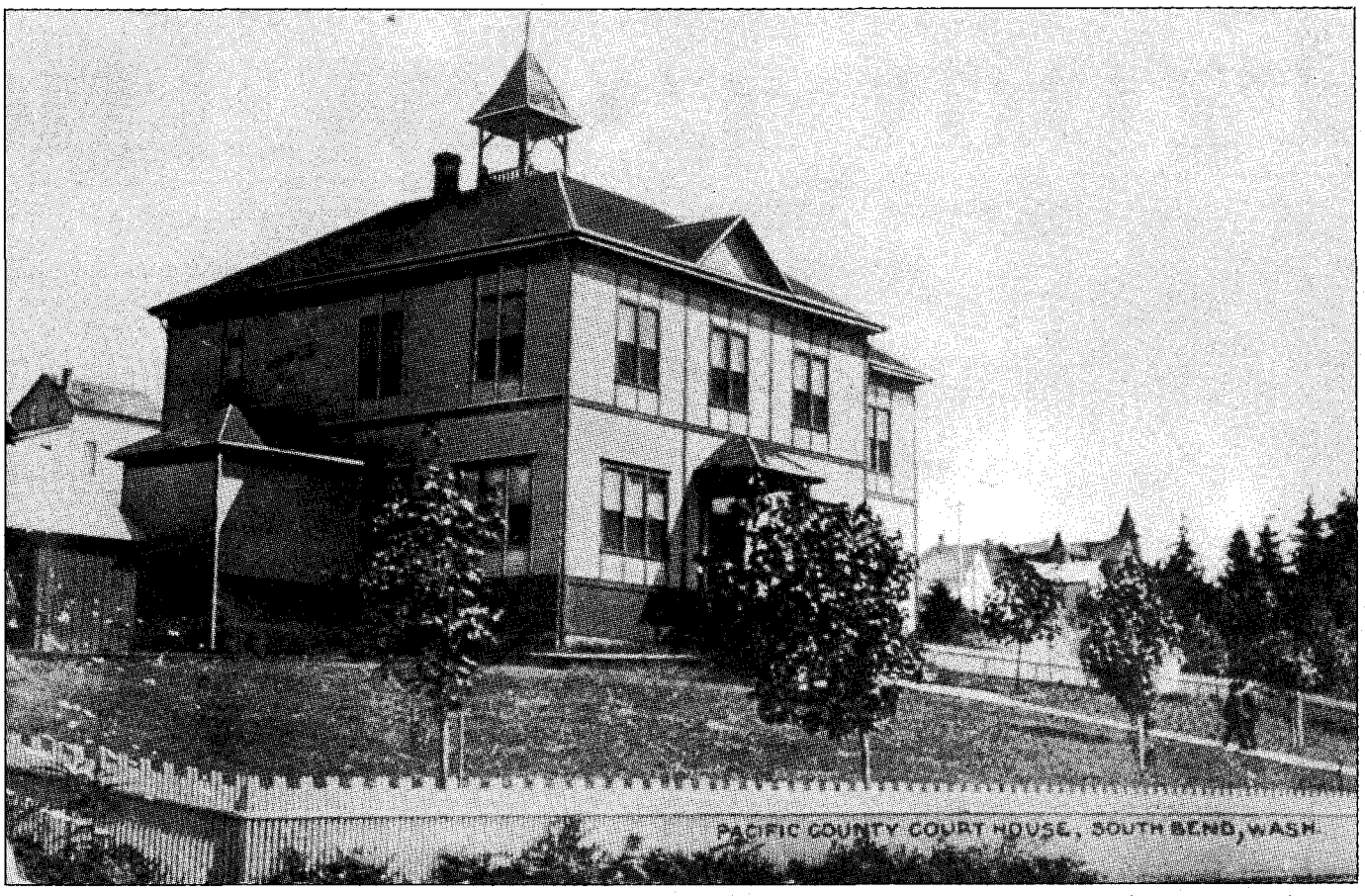

Pacific County Historical Society

The old county courthouse where Lum You was executed over an unused ventilator. The site is now a county park.

cording to the next day's South Bend *Journal*, the condemned man ate a hearty dinner, then paced the cell till midnight, repeatedly bidding Axford good-bye. Breakfast the next morning consisted of mush, two eggs, toast, and coffee. At first Lum You offered the meal to Axford. Any symbolism intended by the gesture is lost, but it probably was meant as a sincere courtesy.

On January 31, Lum You walked to the scaffold in the county courthouse, bowed to the crowd, and according to the *Journal*, said "Goodby, everybody, all my friends, women and men. Me wish you all good luck. Me ready to die. Me no can see. Kill me good."

At nine o'clock they killed him good. That afternoon's headline blared:

Lum You Executed

The Chinaman Exhibited Unexpected Nerve at the Last

The First Legal Execution in Pacific County Effected Without a Hitch Death Was Instantaneous

At the time of the hanging, officials had not decided where to bury the remains. Sheriff Roney ruled out the public cemetery and suggested the body might be buried in the brush behind the courthouse. Deputy Zack B. Brown donated a piece of land close to the county road, where the grave could be conveniently visited. People remember the grave as having a headstone and being enclosed by a little wrought iron fence. So Lum You had a dignified burial.

Officials were forced to proceed with what Sheriff Thomas A. Roney called his "most unpleasant duty." A trapdoor was built over an empty ventilator shaft in the county courthouse. Ropes were attached to four levers, which were to be pulled simultaneously. At least one lever was a dummy.

Deputy Brown's children remember Chinese buying live chickens from their mother and going to the grave for some sort of Oriental ceremony. The children were forbidden to spy on the activity, but after the Chinese had left they always found cooked rice and other signs that eating had taken place.

Lum You's unmaintained grave has long since ceased to be an attractive place to visit. Proposals by the Pacific County Historical Society to replace the missing headstone were shelved because of rumors that the body was reburied elsewhere. Lum's present resting place is not known with certainty.

Few of the invitations to the hanging seem to have been thrown out, but many have been lost in attic trunks or old family scrapbooks. If the owners know they possess those cards, they are not always aware of the story behind them or that they are sought by western history buffs. Lawyers seem especially eager to obtain those tokens of American justice.

In a sense, however, Lum You lives on. The site of the former county courthouse, with its pretty little lawn and maple shade trees, is still commonly called "Hangman's Park."

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From Eyewitne

By DON BLEVINS

Daughters of the Republic of Texas at the Alamo, San Antonio, Texas

Susanna Dickinson.

John Wayne's 1960 epic film, *The Alamo*, contains many historical inaccuracies, as anyone remotely familiar with Texas history would quickly recognize. The legendary film star embellished a deed that needs no embellishment. The drama that is the Alamo stands alone in American history as an example of the human struggle for independence.

Some of the film's flaws surround Susanna Dickinson, the only adult Anglo to survive the Alamo tragedy. In the closing scene, Susanna leaves the smoldering remains of the Alamo, walking alongside her daughter, who is astride a mule. A young black boy holds the mule's reins. Marty Robbins sings the haunting "Ballad of the Alamo" as the trio walks defiantly past Santa Anna and his army. The troops stand silent, supposedly in respect, with the Mexican general going so far as to doff his Napoleonic headgear in tribute to the gallant Texians whom he has just annihilated.

Never let it be said that Hollywood will let facts interfere with a good story. Susanna could not have walked as shown in the movie because a Mexican soldier had shot her in the leg. The girl who played Susanna's daughter appears to be about three or four years old; the Angelina of fact was fifteen months old at the Alamo in 1836. The young black boy in reality was an adult, the servant of Santa Anna.

Nor did Susanna march into the sunset from the Alamo. She had been treated at a private home for her wound, and Santa Anna visited her there. She left San Antonio from that home. The greatest historical liberty, though, concerns Santa Anna. The general, who was also president of Mexico at the time, would never have given the slightest compliment or comfort to the brave men behind the crumbling walls of the San Antonio mission. He despised gringos and had vowed to leave Texas soil running with the blood of any and all Anglos who took up arms against the Mexican government. That he would have removed his hat to honor his vile enemy defies belief.

THE TRIALS of Susanna Dickinson need no embellishment. Her story begins in the backwoods of West Tennessee's Hardeman County. Born in 1814 of country stock, Susanna Wilkerson never learned to read or write. That inability was not because of any learning deficiency; rather it was symptomatic of the times, when women were taught at home the basics of cooking, keeping house, having children, and caring for their family. To send women to school was considered a waste of time and money.

Almeron Dickinson met Susanna soon after moving to Hardeman County and sought to woo her. For reasons unknown, she rejected his advances, thus moving the young suitor to look elsewhere. The next object of Almeron's affection was a friend of Susanna's. When that more willing lady accepted Almeron's proposal, she asked Susanna to be one of her bridesmaids. Surprisingly Susanna accepted. The day before the wedding, Almeron rode to the Wilkerson farm to take Susanna to his

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ss to Obscurity

future bride's home.

No one knows what happened on that ride. The two must have made up, however, for along the way they stopped at the county court clerk's office in Bolivar, took out a marriage license, and were wedded that day, May 24, 1829. Knowing they would be ostracized for leaving the intended bride waiting at the church, they moved to another part of the state, far from family and friends.

Whether their fortunes reversed in Tennessee or they were lured west by adventurous tales of an enticing land, the couple showed up in Texas two years after their marriage. They settled in the small community of Gonzales, sixty miles from San Antonio. Almeron set up a blacksmith shop, and the Dickinsons celebrated the birth of a daughter, Angelina Elizabeth, in December 1834.

Texas' rebellion against Mexico was gaining momentum, and Almeron volunteered his services to the Texians. He was appointed a lieutenant of artillery and sent to San Antonio, where the largest contingent of Mexican soldiers camped. There the Texians defeated General Martín Perfect de Cós, brother-in-law of the despised Santa Anna, and forced him to retreat to Mexico. Colonel William Barret Travis moved into the Alamo with a small force of men.

Susanna and Angelina joined Almeron in San Antonio in early February 1836. Ramon Musquiz, political chief of Bexar (San Antonio), was a personal friend of the Dickinsons and invited them to stay in his home.

Things were quiet until February 23, when a lookout announced the approach of a large Mexican army. Travis ordered everyone into the Alamo. Susanna and Angelina were placed in a small room in the chapel. With her were fourteen other noncombatants, two black men (slaves of Travis and Bowie) and twelve Mexican women and children.

Santa Anna laid siege to the Alamo, but the defenders fought with heart, believing a relief column from General Sam Houston was on its way. By March 3, however, Travis realized there would be no reinforcements. There then took place an incident disputed by many historians, but verified by Susanna in at least one interview, published in the San Antonio *Daily Express,* April 28, 1881. Travis called his men into the courtyard of the fortress. Telling them there would be no relief, he drew a line in the dirt with his saber. Facing the small force he said that anyone who wanted to leave could do so. He then invited them to cross the line. Those who wished to remain in the mission should stay where they were. Many accounts hold that those who chose to remain were told to cross the line. Susanna disagrees. Regardless, only one man, Moses Rose, reportedly chose to flee.

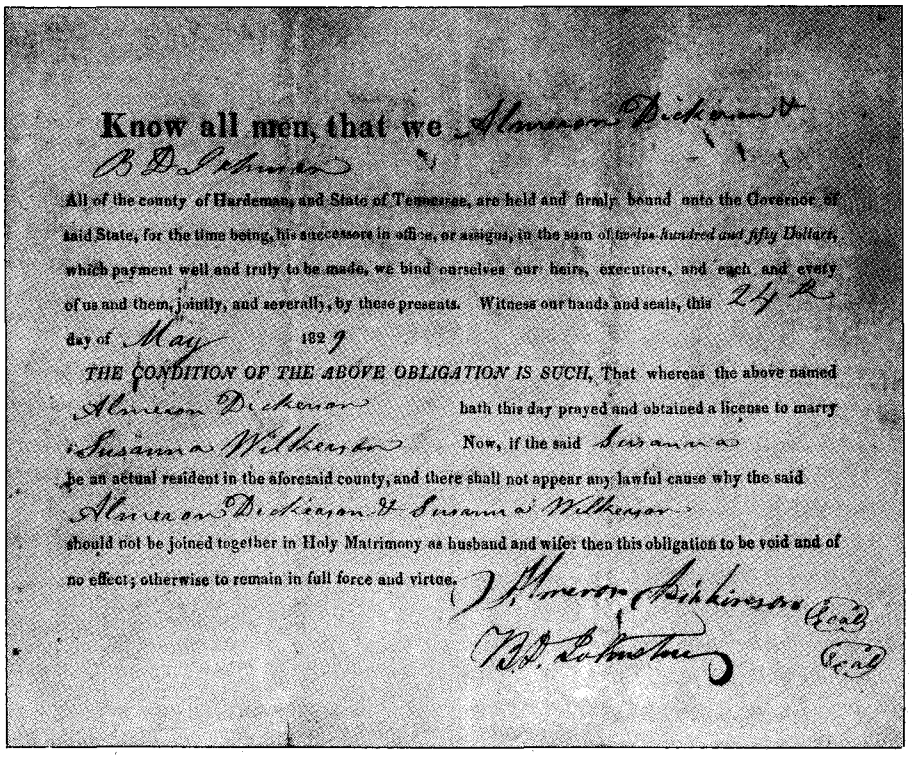
For twelve days the defenders successfully repelled Santa Anna's superior force of some five thousand soldiers. But the dictator tired of the siege. On Sunday, March 6, the mission's occupants were awakened by the haunting strains of the "Deguello," a march dating back to the time of the Spanish-Moors conflict in Europe. Its meaning was clear: no mercy, no survivors.

In that final hour, Colonel Travis took time from his post to visit Susanna and her child. In a seemingly meaningless gesture, he took a gold ring from his finger and placed it on a string. He then tied the string around Angelina's neck.

Less than an hour before the final defender met his death, Almeron rushed into the room. He hugged his wife and child, then hurried out, saber in hand. That was the last Susanna saw of her husband, alive or dead. Soon, sporadic gunfire was the only sound penetrating the thick walls of the mission. The defenders were beaten.

After three assaults the Mexican

When a lookout announced the approach of a large Mexican army, Travis ordered everyone into the Alamo. Susanna and Angelina were placed in a small room in the chapel. With her were fourteen other noncombatants, two black men (slaves of Travis and Bowie) and twelve Mexican women and children.



Know all men, that we Almeron Dickinson & B. D. Johnson

All of the county of Hardeman, and State of Tennessee, are held and firmly bound unto the Governor of said State, for the time being, his successors in office, or assigns, in the sum of twelve hundred and fifty Dollars, which payment well and truly to be made, we bind ourselves our heirs, executors, and each and every of us and them, jointly, and severally, by these presents. Witness our hands and seals, this 24 day of May 1829

THE CONDITION OF THE ABOVE OBLIGATION IS SUCH, That whereas the above named Almeron Dickinson hath this day prayed and obtained a license to marry Susanna Wilkerson Now, if the said Susanna be an actual resident in the aforesaid county, and there shall not appear any lawful cause why the said Almeron Dickinson & Susanna Wilkerson should not be joined together in Holy Matrimony as husband and wife: then this obligation to be void and of no effect; otherwise to remain in full force and virtue.

Almeron Dickinson (Seal)

B. D. Johnson (Seal)

Daughters of the Republic of Texas at the Alamo, San Antonio, Texas

Susanna Wilkerson and Almeron Dickinson were married in 1829.

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army breeched the walls. Hand-to-hand fighting ensued and, slowly, each defender was slain. Susanna, still secreted in her room and protecting her child, probably saw the last defender killed, a man named Walker, who raced into the room, followed by four soldiers. They shot him, then lifted the body into the air on their bayonets. They overlooked Susanna at the time because of the room's darkness and the thick gun smoke in the air.

A sixteen-year-old boy also appeared before the frightened Susanna. He tried to speak but was unable. His jaw had been shattered by gunfire and he was bleeding. The boy held his jaw with his hands in an attempt to make himself understood, but to no avail. He shrugged and walked away.

Susanna stayed in the small room, huddled with the other women and children. A shadowy figure appeared in the doorway. "Is Mrs. Dickinson here?" the man asked in broken English.

A Mexican colonel named Almonte was the first to find her. He called her name a second time, adding that she should reply if she were there because it was a matter of life and death. When Susanna managed to reach the center of the room, Almonte informed her that he was to take her to General Santa Anna.

Susanna always believed the person who saved her and Angelina's lives was her friend, Senora Musquiz. When the senora learned that Santa Anna was determined to sack the Alamo, she went to him and personally pleaded for the lives of Susanna and Angelina. The Musquiz name was influential in central Texas, and Santa Anna agreed, adding that he had not declared war on women and children.

Once in the courtyard, Susanna was confronted with the death and destruction that the battle had wrought. Santa Anna ordered that the bodies of the Texas dead be burned. Three pyres were built. The Mexican dead were to be buried but the cemetery could not hold all the bodies. Some were simply thrown into the San Antonio River and left to float free or become snagged on low-hanging tree branches. Soon, both the sight and the stench of bloated bodies sickened the townspeople.

As Susanna and her escort marched across the courtyard she felt a sudden pain in her right leg and stumbled to the ground. Almonte grabbed Angelina before her mother dropped her. Either

A sixteen-year-old boy appeared before the frightened Susanna. He tried to speak but was unable. His jaw had been shattered by gunfire and he was bleeding. The boy held his jaw with his hands in an attempt to make himself understood, but to no avail. He shrugged and walked away.

Daily Express.

Thursday Morning, April 28, 1881.

Meteorological.

Daily Bulletin—Signal Service U. S. Army Division of Telegrams and Reports for the benefit of commerce and agriculture.

Observations recorded at 1:34 P. M. April 27.

Locality.	Bar.	Ther	Wind	Rain	Weather.
San Antonio.	29.95	87	SE	.....	clear.
Sill,	29.65	89	S	.....	clear.
Elliott	29.35	79	N	.....	clear.
Concho	29.57	91	S	.....	clear.
Eagle Pass	29.85	96	SE	.....	clear.
Brownsville,	30.00	85	SE	.....	fair.
Stockton	29.91	92	W	.....	clear.
Denison	29.89	86	SW	.....	clear.

Weather Indications for To-day.

Washington, April 27.—Indications for the west gulf states: Warmer and fair weather; southerly winds; stationary or higher barometer.

LOCAL NEWS AND GOSSIP.

—Handsome silk parasols at Frost's.

—For fine curtains go to A. A. Wolff.

—The horse market has grown dull.

—Croquet sets for $1.75 at Wagner's.

—Strawberries at Harnisch & Baer's daily.

—Market baskets 15 cents at Wagner's.

—Buy your summer hat at T. C. Frost's.

—Strawberries to-day, Bellis', Houston st.

—Tea sets of 44 pieces, $3.75 at Wagner's.

THE SURVIVOR OF THE ALAMO

After a Lapse of Forty-Five Years Visits the Old Scene.

How the Cradle of Texas Liberty Was Rocked, and How the Lone Star State Was Born.

THE EXPRESS representative yesterday enjoyed a most pleasant visit to the Alamo. It was not his first visit there by any means. The grey walls of the old structure have been familiar to him for many years, but the visit yesterday was rendered the more enjoyable from the fact that the party with whom the reporter made this visit was quite a noted one. It consisted of Mrs. Susan J. Hannig, of Austin, the only survivor of the massacre at the fall of the Alamo; Mrs. Rebecca Black, the grand-niece of Deaf Smith, the famous Texas spy; Col. H B. Andrews, vice-president of the G. H. & S. A. railway, and lady; Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee; Dean Richardson, of St. Mark's cathedral, and two little nieces of Mrs. Hannig.

AN ERRONEOUS IMPRESSION

exists, which is that the Alamo had no survivor. Thermopylæ's field of blood left one man to tell the story of the terrible struggle—how Spartan courage met the hosts of Xerxes, and it is said that the Alamo left no one to tell the story of her fall. This is correct, so far as manly courage goes, but there was a brave woman left to give to the present the details of its horrors. Her name is Mrs. Hannig. Some have doubted that this was true—that Mrs. Hannig was really at the Alamo during that immortal contest when Travis, Crockett and Bowie fell, and the name of the Alamo became perpetuated and all prepared to die for the nationality of the republic of Texas.

TRUE WOMANLY COURAGE

is exemplified by the conduct of Mrs. Hannig. She loved her own, and that was the child she hugged to her bosom. Her life had been endangered, and they wanted to take her child away from her, but she would not concede, and so she subjected herself to trials, looking consequences squarely in the face, and knowing that firmness would be bound to bring about her ultimate vindication.

A FEW PLEASANT MOMENTS.

were spent by the party after the old Alamo had been inspected, and its scenes revived by the only present survivor, when Mr. Grenet's best was produced—not his best beer—but his best of Mumm's celebrated wine. And when this little party dissolved, it was with more than one regret, and will never be forgotten.

THE CATHOLIC FAIR.

Large Attendance Last Evening—A Splendid Entertainment.

The attendance at the Catholic fair given at the Casino last evening was much in excess of the first evening, and a perfect reign of pleasure held sway during the entire business hours. The arrangement of the various stands and tables is excellent and attractive. The decorations are profuse and tasteful. Following are the stands and the names of those in charge of them:

Fancy work—Mrs. Joseph E. Dwyer, Mrs. Gaenslen and Miss Bella Bowen.

Lottery stand—Mrs. P. G. Bowman, Miss Adele Grenet, and Misses Kayle, Brader, Kalteyer and Garzia.

Daughters of the Republic of Texas at the Alamo, San Antonio, Texas

Mrs. Hannig returned to the Alamo in 1881, as reported in the San Antonio *Daily Express*.

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intentionally or accidentally, a Mexican soldier had shot her. She was taken to the Musquiz hacienda, where her wound was treated.

Santa Anna soon appeared. The Mexican strongman was instantly captivated by the beautiful little girl cuddled in Susanna's arms. He pleaded with the mother to let him adopt her child. He would take both of them to Mexico as his wards. There, they would enjoy comfort and wealth, and Angelina would have the best of teachers. Susanna was outraged. She adamantly refused and bitterly informed Santa Anna that she would rather see her daughter starve than ever be associated with a murderer.

Not used to being disobeyed, Santa Anna bristled. But after considering suggestions from his aides, he released Susanna so she could carry the message of what had taken place at the Alamo to Sam Houston, who was at the time attempting to train a makeshift army in Gonzales. Santa Anna penned a letter warning Texians, Americans, or anyone else who resisted that the penalty would be death to the last rebel.

Susanna left San Antonio not in defiance but in sorrow and misery. Santa Anna probably did not see her go. A short time later, when she related events at the Alamo to the people of Gonzales and to Sam Houston, her words frightened and enraged Houston and his men. But reason reigned. Houston knew the Texians were in no condition to battle a well-trained, seasoned army.

For six weeks, Houston kept moving his men east and south, always staying a few miles ahead of Santa Anna. Then, on the afternoon of April 21, while the Mexicans were enjoying a siesta, about 910 Texians scurried across the plain of San Jacinto, on Buffalo Bayou, routing Santa Anna's army of roughly 1,400 men. In only eighteen minutes Santa Anna's force was resoundingly defeated: 630 killed, 750 captured. The next day the Texians captured *el presidente* himself, dressed in the uniform of an enlisted man. Only nine Texians were killed and thirty wounded. Houston suffered a shattered ankle. Following the Battle of San Jacinto, Susanna and Angelina journeyed to what would soon become the city of Houston. There, they faded into obscurity.

The years in Houston were hard and heartbreaking. In November 1837, Susanna began a string of bad marriages. The first, to John Williams, was short and stormy. In the divorce petition, which was granted March 24, 1838, Susanna charged Williams with abusing

Texas State Archives

J.W. Hannig, Susanna's fifth husband.

her and Angelina. On December 20, 1838, she married Francis P. Herring. Little is known of that third husband, who died September 15, 1843.

On December 15, 1847, Susanna married Peter Bellows. That marriage lasted almost ten years, but it, too, was unhappy. In 1857, Bellows petitioned for divorce on grounds of desertion beginning in the spring of 1854 and continuing to the time of the petition. He also alleged that Susanna moved into a house of ill repute and while there committed adultery with a number of men over a long period of time. The case came to trial June 15, 1857. Bellows was represented by legal counsel; Susanna did not appear. The divorce was granted that same day.

Bellows' charge of adultery may have been true. Susanna reputedly worked for a time in a boarding house that some claim was a bawdy place known as the Mansion House, once owned by the infamous Pamelia Mann. Under Mann's ownership the hotel was a brothel. It was sold when she died in 1840, but it well could have continued as a house of loose plays.

As if Susanna's personal life were not bad enough, the stirring of old memories made things worse. The Texas legislature passed a bill in December 1837 authorizing donation certificates for 640 acres to descendants of the Alamo defenders. Many beneficiaries had delayed in applying for their grants. When they eventually did, they had to prove their relatives truly had been at the Alamo. They turned to Susanna, the only viable witness to that fateful saga. She made several declarations to officials as to the presence or absence of various individuals. She and Angelina also received a grant of 640 acres and a bounty warrant for 1,920 acres in Clay County.

In the meantime, Angelina was growing up among the influences of the big city and becoming as wild and open as Houston. Susanna prodded her into marrying Montgomery County farmer

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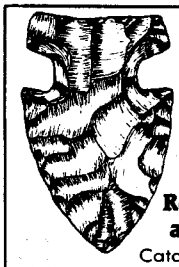

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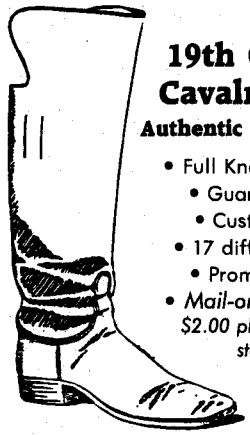

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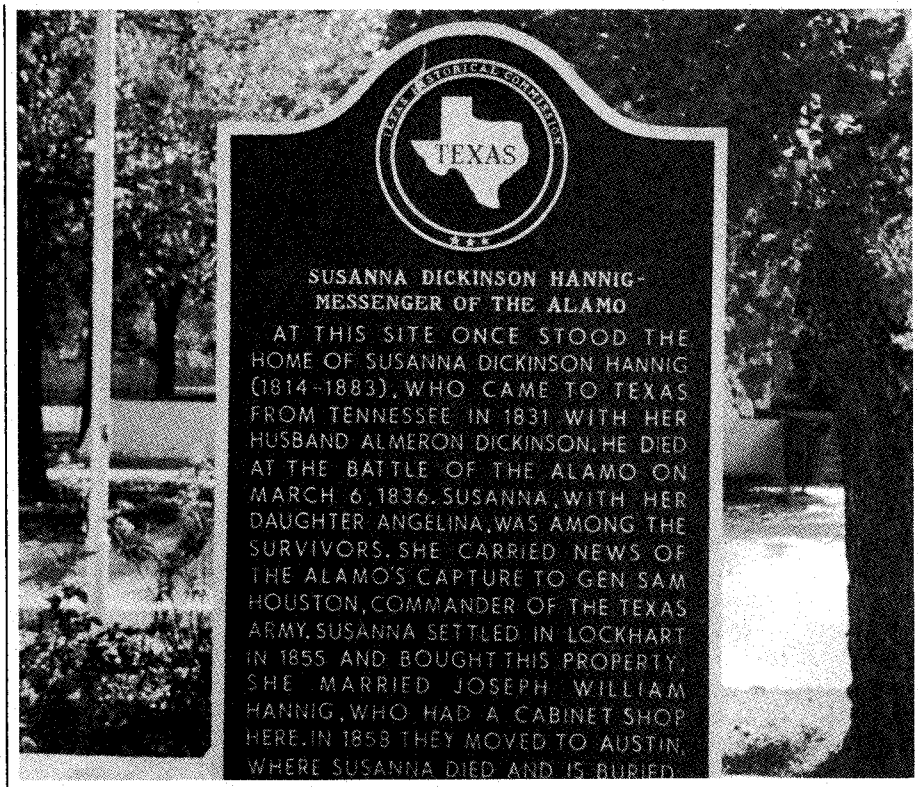

Author's Photo

A monument marks the site of Hannig's Lockhart home.

Susanna reputedly worked for a time in a boarding house that some claim was a bawdy place known as the Mansion House, once owned by the infamous Pamelia Mann. Under Mann's ownership the hotel was a brothel. It was sold when she died in 1840, but it well could have continued as a house of loose plays.

John Maynard Griffith on July 8, 1851. Angelina was seventeen years old. While it was a mismatch from the beginning, the union bore children, and the descendants thereof became historians of their grandmother, Susanna. In May 1853 Angelina gave birth to her first child, a boy whom she named Almeron Dickinson Griffith, for her father. Two year later, a daughter was born and was named Susanna. The third and last child of this union, a boy named Joseph, was born in 1857.

The marriage probably ended after Angelina spent a night dancing with a number of men while her husband sat outside the dance hall babysitting their young brood. After the divorce, the older boy went to live with his uncle, Joshua Griffith; the two youngest children went with Susanna, their grandmother.

Angelina started drifting. In New Orleans she met and married a man named Holmes. She had another daughter and again dropped out of sight. She found her way to Galveston, where she met Jim Britton, a railroad man. There is no record that the two ever married, but she took his name. When the Civil War broke out, Britton enlisted in the Confederate Army and departed Galveston. As a good luck charm, Angelina gave him the ring William Travis had tied around her neck that final day in the Alamo. After he left Galveston, Britton disappeared from history, like so many people in the Susanna Dickinson story. After passing through many hands, the ring is now in the Alamo museum.

Legend holds that Angelina followed the camps for a while during the war. She later returned to Galveston, where she died July 13, 1869, at the age of thirty-five. There are no markers in Galveston for the "Babe of the Alamo." The hurricane that devastated the island and killed more than 6,000 people in 1900 wiped out the graveyard in

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which Angelina was buried.

Putting her past behind her, Susanna moved to Lockhart, a small community near Austin, in 1857. That was the turning point in her life. In Lockhart, she established a reputable boarding house. Not long thereafter, she entered her fifth marriage, this time wedding Joseph William Hannig, a German immigrant sixteen years her junior.

From all reports Hannig was an honest, hardworking, shrewd businessman. He was skilled in woodworking, a trade that would serve him well. Susanna sold her land holdings and set up Joseph in an Austin cabinet shop. The Hannigs invested wisely, prospered, and became entwined in the social life of the bustling, fast-growing city. In the late 1870s, they built a two-story frame home. High on the northeast edge of Austin, it afforded its occupants a beautiful panorama.

Susanna Dickinson Hannig, the survivor of the Alamo and other hardships, grieved over the early death of her daughter and was often wracked by horrible memories of those days in March 1836. Still, she managed to enjoy her waning years, at last bound to a husband with whom she felt loved. For twenty-six years she and Joseph reveled in a comfortable, full, active life.

IN 1883 Susanna's health began to decline. That October 7, the sixty-eight-year-old Susanna died from what was termed "hemorrhage of the bowels." She was laid to rest in Austin's Oakwood cemetery. Joseph suffered a serious case of gastritis and died June 6, 1890. He was interred next to Susanna.

Susanna's direct bloodline ended on June 23, 1990, when Willard Marian Nitschke passed away. A long-time Austin schoolteacher and the great-granddaughter of Susanna Dickinson, Ms. Nitschke was the daughter of Almeron Dickinson Griffith and Jessie Freeman Tedford.

Had Susanna Dickinson been able to write, she might have left a wealth of historical information about the people in the Alamo and of those immortal thirteen days. As it is, her lack of an education left a void not only in her life, but in the lives of her daughter, the "Babe of the Alamo," and of that musty old mission in the middle of San Antonio.

Maybe that is as it should be. Mystery leads to legend, and through her silence, the surviving eyewitness to that epic created her own legend.

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Chronicles of Crime

Encyclopedia of Western Lawmen and Outlaws, by Jay Robert Nash. (Paragon House, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10011. $49.95 cloth bound.)

Jay Nash chronicles crime. He has written a six-volume *Encyclopedia of Crime* as well as dictionaries of crime and world-class murderers. Now his attention has turned to outlaws and lawmen of the American West. The result is this oversize tome of 571 pages.

Nash divides his subject into three sections: biographies ranging in length from one paragraph to several pages, biographies encompassing only a line or two (which isn't much of a biography), and a section called "Wild West Photos and Illustrations." The photos are common and copied mostly from other publications without giving credit.

The volume has a nice index and large print. The bibliography is strong, though it lists only books and ignores other sources. Nash lists numerous libraries, courthouses, newspapers, criminal investigation agencies, correctional facilities, police departments, and so forth, all to create an illusion that he is an outstanding researcher. He is obviously a poor one at best. The research appears hurried and sloppy. There isn't a citation to be found in the entire book, which Nash rationalizes by saying, "Space does not permit citing the tens of thousands of periodical, newspaper, pamphlet, court document, and transcript sources." That's quite a claim. Nash also says "thousands of persons . . . have assisted the author in obtaining valuable source information, research material of all kinds. . . ." I would have been more impressed if the author had thanked them by mentioning a few names. It's called paying your debts.

Nash notes that John Wesley Hardin wrote an autobiography, and then describes it as a "thrilling dime-novel affair which made up in imagination what it lacked in honesty." Nash then quotes and paraphrases these "imaginative" memories for most of the next seven pages. When Nash gets Hardin to El Paso (substantially the only episode of Hardin's life not included in his autobiography), the author's "research" resembles a composite of old pulp westerns and detective stories. The last two pages contain barely a factual sentence.

Nash's eight-page treatment of Billy the Kid is just as bad. He has the Kid killing one man twice. The old discredited myths are tiresomely repeated just as if Nash had discovered them for the first time. Englishman John Tunstall never mentioned the Kid in any of his letters, or to any known person, yet Nash quotes four Tunstall sentences saying he intends to "make a man of that boy." Nonsense like that just goes on and on.

According to Nash, Pat Garrett was murdered on a different day than the one accepted. In one place, Deputy United States Marshal Dallas Stoudenmire is slain by Doc Cummings; in another Stoudenmire is slain by Doc Manning. Readers will be surprised to learn that the Clantons challenged the Earps to meet them at the OK Corral.

Several worthwhile books and encyclopedias deal with outlaws and lawmen. This particular volume is not without value, but it is one of the worst.—*Leon C. Metz, El Paso, Texas.*

Life in Early New Mexico

Coronado's Land, by Marc Simmons. (University of New Mexico Press, 1720 Lomas Boulevard N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87131-1591. $19.95 cloth bound.)

Marc Simmons' latest book is social history in the best sense of the term, not some quantitative exercise by an academic, but real, grassroots history, the story of the daily life of Hispanics—and some Indians—in colonial New Mexico. This is the sort of human interest history that too many scholars ignore.

Most of the chapters are really mini-essays by Simmons on how *Nuevo Mexicanos* wore their hair, played cards, made pens and ink, and replaced worn-out (and inappropriate) European velvet and silk clothing with woolens from desert flocks and *gamuza,* fine soft-tanned deerskin. The last three chapters are Simmons' translations of informative Spanish documents on civil, military, and mission affairs, including such "disorders" as Indian hostilities. Two are by royal governors, one by an Irish-Spanish missionary, Morfí (Murphy). The texts are quite readable, if not so much so as Simmons' own prose. His style is deceptively "simple"—that is, straight-forward, featuring clarity and interest, never high-falutin'.

We learn here how old-fashioned was New Mexico until the Santa Fe Trail trade changed things. It was almost medieval, with its skilled *arrieros* (muleteers or packers) and crude *carretas* (carts whose solid wheels were just rounds cut from big-boled cottonwoods). There is information here on the *ciboleros*—not the Indian-trading *Comancheros,* but buffalo hunters from Lucero, near Mora, who used lances instead of muskets. Then there are the *genízaros,* Christianized Apaches and Comanches who settled in Abiquíu and the ghost town of Sabinal, on the Río Grande between Belén and Socorro.

Simply put, *Coronado's Land* is good reading.—*Richard H. Dillon, Mill Valley, California.*

Hell-Roaring Boom Town

Goldfield: The Last Gold Rush on the Western Frontier, by Sally Zanjani. (Ohio University Press, Scott Quadrangle, Athens, Ohio 45701. $39.95 cloth bound; $18.95 paper bound.)

". . . miners working on an ore shoot thirty feet wide were knocking down sulfide ore so weighty and rich that assays were superfluous." Thus does Sally Zanjani describe the bonanza veins that made Goldfield, Nevada, the last gold rush of the western frontier.

Numerous gold rushes substantially influenced and directed frontier expansion, but Goldfield was unique on several counts. First, rather than opening a new territory, Goldfield helped sustain and shape statehood for Nevada, a state severely depressed and underpopulated since the demise of the great Comstock Lode. Second, Goldfield boomed following a 1904 strike, a decade after the frontier was, at least demographically, "closed."

Goldfield went from discovery and boom to decline in one short, hell-for-leather decade. Some have equated Goldfield's unusually rampant greed, violence, and speculation to a final salute to the passing of the wild frontier era. Indeed, Zanjani's colorful descriptions of early automobiles spooking horses symbolize the West in transition.

Also unique, and perhaps symbolic in

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itself, is the book's structure. *Goldfield* contains two related yet independent sections: "Development of the Mines" and a more lengthy "Life in the Last Boomtown," an approach reflecting emerging concepts of the "new" western history.

The Goldfield mines produced about $90 million in gold, most of it within a fifteen-year period. Interestingly, the gold itself, while an economic godsend at the time, had no truly lasting effect on Nevada. But many of the more notorious social and cultural patterns established in Goldfield—transience, gambling, drinking, and prostitution—continue to profoundly affect modern Nevada. By emphasizing and underscoring the importance of social issues, *Goldfield* lends validity to the "new" western history.

Sally Zanjani, who is associated with the University of Nevada and is the author of *Jack Longstreet: Last of the Desert Frontiersmen,* is especially qualified to research and write *Goldfield.* Her father, George Springmeyer, had joined the Goldfield rush in 1906, personally passing on to his daughter many first-person accounts of life in the frontier's last gold rush camp.

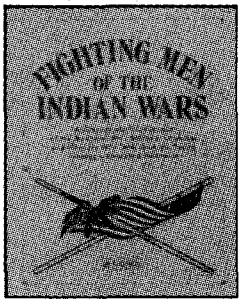
Perhaps because of her personal tie, Zanjani's well-footnoted, scholarly work reads like a popular history.—*Steve Voynick, Leadville, Colorado.*

Changing Impressions

Mirage-Land: Images of Nevada, by Wilbur S. Shepperson. (University of Nevada Press, Reno, Nevada 89557-0076. $19.95 cloth bound.)

The "mirages" of this historical survey are Americans' varying perceptions of the Silver State from the time that John C. Frémont and his lesser-known successor, Captain James H. Simpson, first explored it to the present. Those notions were not necessarily illusions but, like desert light, they have shimmered and changed with time. The bleak Nevada of the Overland Trail across a "Great American Desert" was a place to be feared and shunned, but that view began to change with the work of early travel writers like Horace Greeley and J. Ross Browne. Their Virginia City colleagues, Mark Twain and Dan DeQuille, transformed the Comstock Lode, at least, into a fair copy of California's booming gold rush frontier of a decade earlier.

When mining leveled off, a smaller agricultural and ranching boom followed. Finally there came urban explosions in Reno and Las Vegas, first with



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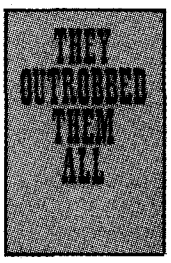

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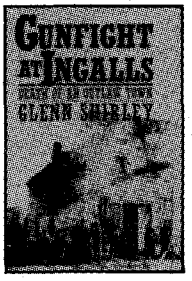

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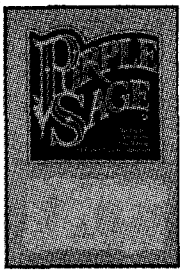

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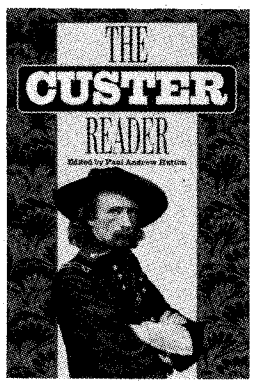

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Military Sales

Peddlers and Post Traders: The Army Sutler on the Frontier, by David Michael Delo. (University of Utah Press, 101 University Services Building, Salt Lake City, Utah 84112. $29.95 cloth bound.)

Since organized armies first went to battle there have been those who followed them for profit. At times such civilian hordes, known as camp followers, far exceeded the number of soldiers, choking roads and impeding the army's progress. Eventually military leaders recognized the need to contract essential services and absorbed them into the military structure. That established the army sutler.

In the United States, the position of regular army post sutler was established in 1821 and remained in effect until 1866 when the army abolished it. In isolated places the army had to continue some sales and by 1870 pressure from the frontier forced Congress to authorize post traders.

Stories of greed and profiteering have portrayed post traders as villains, but that was not true. The majority of post traders were honest merchants, far from civilization and trying to make a living.

Delo presentes the sutler-post trader story from beginning to end in an interesting and very readable book. It includes a bibliography and an index. Students and writers of the frontier army should be delighted with this well-documented work.—*J.R. Curtis, McCormick, South Carolina.*

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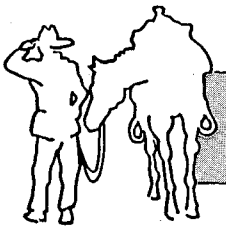

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Duncan-Laughlin

I would appreciate any information regarding Minnie Duncan or Lucy Laughlin who attended the Convent of Mercy school in Silver City, New Mexico. I would also like to hear from anyone who can tell me about the convent's history or location.—**Toby VanLandingham, 921 N. Alameda, Carlsbad, New Mexico 88220.**

Kirk

I would like information on my great-great-grandfather Kirk. His first name is unknown, but it could have been William. He married Scotland native Mary Sisenie in the mid-1800s in Indiana, probably in or around Vincennes.

They had a son named William Kirk, born in 1860 and died in 1941. He married Julie Anna Hendrickson, from Pennsylvania, the daughter of Sam Hendrickson of Springfield, Missouri. I would appreciate information about Sam, including his wife's name, their parents, and the dates of their births and deaths. I will answer all letters and share whatever information I have with others.—**George M. Goldring, 19869 East Amherst Drive, Aurora, Colorado 80013.**

Wray-Farrs

My grandmother often told the family that my late grandpa had a lot of Cherokee blood in him. She said that the Wrays married into the Farrs of Oklahoma, who were full-blood Cherokees and sang with Roy Rogers' "Sons of the Pioneers."

My grandmother is 101 and is unable to help further. I would like to clear up this family mystery by finding out how the families are related and learning any marriage dates and locations. I would appreciate any information.—**Barry Lee Wray, Box 39, Fenwood, Saskatchewan, Canada S0A 0Y0.**

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Judge George Gerald vs. Jim and Bill Harris

—November 19, 1897; Waco, Texas—

By BILL O'NEAL

During the 1860s and 1870s the turbulent Texas town of Waco earned the sobriquet "Six-Shooter Depot." Cowboys, cardsharps, rustlers, and assorted other frontier toughs haunted the saloons, gambling houses, and bagnios of Waco.

By the late nineteenth century, however, Waco was growing and the forces of civilization began to prevail. City fathers built a formidable police unit, effectively curbing the violence in Waco's saloons and alleys. But the homicidal spirit of Six-Shooter Depot was not yet extinct, as Judge George B. Gerald, a throwback to the wild old days, proved.

Gerald was born in 1836 in Yazoo County, Mississippi. He received a good education, was admitted to the bar, and married in 1857. When the Civil War erupted, Gerald organized an infantry company. He rose to the rank of colonel, commanding the Eighteenth Mississippi Infantry. Gerald saw heavy combat, including the battles of First Bull Run and Gettysburg. He was wounded four times, and his left arm was permanently crippled.

After the war, Gerald's family increased to six children, but he saw little future in his poverty-stricken home state. In 1869 the Geralds moved to Texas, settling in Waco during the heyday of Six-Shooter Depot. George Gerald was in his element.

He purchased land from a man named Dalton, but the title proved cloudy. Gerald and Dalton went to court over the matter, and the decision was awarded to Dalton. Outside the courthouse, Gerald glared at Dalton for a moment, then whipped out a knife—with one swipe he chopped off Dalton's beard at the chin. On another occasion the feisty Gerald, as proprietor of the Waco *Examiner*, tossed an irate reader through a second-story window.

In 1876 Gerald was elected to the first of two consecutive four-year terms as judge of McLennan County. While stumping the county he had promised to halt public gambling in Waco, but when he called upon the sheriff for action, the officer's response was unenthusiastic. The volatile judge promptly strapped on a gunbelt and marched to Waco's largest gambling house.

The door of the second-story casino was still locked that morning, and Judge Gerald kicked the door open and stomped inside. He began hurling furniture out of the window onto the street below, and when he found big pieces that would not fit through the windows, he broke them apart and threw the shattered items outside. After wrecking the gambling hall, he went to a newspaper office, reported his actions, and issued a warning that any other casino which opened would be similarly devastated. The gamblers wisely decided to close up, and during Judge Gerald's administration there was no more public gambling.

By the late 1890s Judge Gerald had developed a friendship with another man who was a magnet for trouble. William Cowper Brann was a superb journalist, but his work always proved controversial and he could never hold a newspaper position for long. He moved to Waco in 1894 and soon began producing a monthly broadside, *The Iconoclast.* The paper clamored for numerous Progressive reforms, while railing against such Brann targets as the British, blacks, and Baptists. While *The Iconoclast* attracted a large circulation, Brann's opinionated writings alienated many people. Waco was the home of Baylor, a leading Baptist college, and of *The Baptist Standard*, and the furious Baptists publicly vilified Brann.

Judge Gerald defended his friend with vitriolic letters to the editor. He sent one such letter to the Waco *Morning News*, but Gerald decided it was too extreme and went to the newspaper office to retrieve it. The editor, J.W. Harris, could not produce the letter (apparently he had shown it to anti-Brann acquaintances). Although now in his sixties, Judge Gerald was as combative as ever. He demanded his letter back, and when Harris refused, Gerald challenged him

The Texas Collection, Carroll Library, Waco, Texas

Waco's popular Old Corner Drug Store, scene of the 1897 shootout between Judge Gerald and the Harris brothers.

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to come into the street and shoot it out.

Harris declined to engage in gunplay, but when Gerald marched to the stairwell, the editor followed. The enraged Gerald snarled a profane insult. Harris lashed out with his fist, staggering Gerald and inflicting a cut above his eye. As he reeled back, Gerald reached inside his coat for a pistol.

"Judge, don't shoot me," cried Harris, "I am unarmed."

In self-defense, Harris grappled with Gerald. The older man, with one arm useless and blood spilling into his eyes, lost the gun, which rolled down the stairway. Harris began to pummel Gerald, who threw his crippled arm around the editor's neck. Then the judge got Harris' "thumb in my mouth and proceeded to lacerate it to the best of my ability." Bystanders finally separated the two combatants.

INFURIATED, Judge Gerald swore vengeance, then published a scathing handbill denouncing Harris "as a liar, a coward and a cur." Gerald proclaimed that he fully expected to be assassinated, but issued a public challenge to a duel.

Harris replied with an editorial ignoring the challenge and declaring that he had no obligation either to publish Gerald's letter or to return it. But Harris kept a loaded shotgun behind his desk, then prudently confined himself to his home for two weeks.

On Friday, November 19, 1897, Harris finally emerged from his house, armed with two concealed revolvers. He walked downtown to the Old Corner Drug Store, at the intersection of Fourth and Austin. Harris sauntered to the cigar counter. Across the street his brother, Bill Harris, lounged in front of the Citizens' National Bank. Bill, fearful for his brother's life, had purchased a six-gun.

About 5:00 p.m. Jim Harris saw Judge Gerald sitting in his buggy across the intersection. Panicky, Harris darted to the side of an acquaintance, Dr. W.O. Wilke, and asked what he thought Gerald would do. Wilke nervously replied that he thought there would be trouble.

At that moment Judge Gerald spotted Jim Harris. Gerald jumped out of his buggy and stormed toward the Old Corner Drug Store, carrying his left arm across his body.

"Look out, J.W., he is coming," warned Dr. Wilke. The physician scurried toward the rear of the store. "Look out," he shouted again, "there's going to be some shooting."

Judge Gerald shaded his eyes and

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peered into the store. At that point Jim Harris produced a new double-action rovolver and squeezed off a round. The slug hit Gerald's crippled left arm, which kept the lead from entering his torso.

Harris, perhaps pulling the hammer of his gun like a single-action revolver, could not make the unfamiliar weapon fire again. He jerked out his other pistol with his left hand, snapped off a wild shot, then could not get another round from the second weapon.

Gerald, although wounded, was cool under fire. By this time he had produced his own revolver, and he took careful aim at Harris' collar button. Gently he touched the trigger. Harris clutched at his throat and went down.

AS GUNSHOTS began to explode, Bill Harris went to the middle of the street and leveled his gun with both hands. He opened fire, hitting Gerald in the back. Twice wounded, Gerald turned to face his new adversary.

Policeman Hunt Ballenfant sprinted from the sidewalk to grapple with Bill Harris. The two men struggled for Harris' revolver as Gerald walked over.

"The son-of-a-bitch shot me in the back," announced Gerald. The judge shoved his pistol across Ballenfant's shoulder and shot Bill Harris in the head.

The shooting stopped. The Harris brothers were dying, and a stray bullet had nicked a drayman. Medical care was sought for the badly wounded Gerald, whose left arm had to be amputated. When he came out from under the chloroform, Gerald first requested a cigar, then said, "I know Bill Harris is dead. What about Jim Harris?"

When told that Jim, too, was dead, Gerald asked, "Where did I hit him?"

"Right in the Adam's apple."

"I aimed for his collar button," mused the judge.

When Judge Gerald recovered from his wounds and amputation, he stood trial for homicide. The prosecuting attorney, however, was said to be afraid of Judge Gerald; he refused even to call Dr. Wilke (who was immensely relieved) to the witness stand. An unwritten code of Six-Shooter Depot—the right of a man to defend himself in a fight—prevailed, and Gerald was exonerated. Indeed, at the next election he was chosen to serve a third term as county judge.

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Fun with Fairchild

By MIKE BLAKELY

Fairchild came west for adventure. He had never shot buffalo, scouted virgin frontier, or fought Indians, but he longed to do it all—especially fight Indians. In 1876 he joined a large buffalo hunting outfit heading south from Dodge City toward the Texas panhandle.

Fairchild repeatedly told the seasoned buffalo hunters in his party how much he ached for an Indian battle. The frontiersmen constantly admonished him, saying they had lost no Indians and didn't see the need of hunting any. But Fairchild was bent on Indian warfare.

When Fairchild started raving about what he would do to the first Indians he saw, he was "bad medicine from the forks of the creek, a wolf with hydrophobia, a blizzard in July." He threatened to stir up so much Indian trouble that the buffalo hunters whose company he shared decided something had to be done.

At camp on the South Canadian, Bat Masterson and Charlie Myers asked Fairchild to go on a nighttime turkey hunt. The ever-zealous Fairchild jumped for his rifle and followed them far into the timber along the river where hundreds of wild turkeys roosted at night. Suddenly, around a bend, the three turkey hunters found a blazing campfire.

"Indian fire!" whispered Bat Masterson. "I've been dreaming of Indians for three nights in a row."

"You're getting yellow, Bat," Myers said. "Besides, we've got Fairchild here and he can whip all the Indians in the Panhandle."

Fairchild swelled with pride until shots began whizzing over the turkey hunters' heads. Myers screamed bloody murder and ran for camp.

"Run for your life, Fairchild!" Masterson shouted as the woods erupted in gunfire.

Kansas State Historical Society

Bat Masterson not only helped tame the frontier, he once tamed an over-eager "Indian fighter."

Fairchild ran so fast that he made up for Myers' head start and overtook him. His bandanna, brighter than war paint, trailed behind him like a rainbow. A branch knocked his umbrella-sized white hat from his head. His oversized spurs rolled behind his high-heeled boots like runaway cart wheels. He bounded into camp out of breath and caused an uproar.

Indians swarmed everywhere, he gasped. Myers and Masterson were dead and scalped, probably. Hundreds of bullets and arrows had just missed him.

"Oh, he must be shot!" a buffalo hunter said. Another ripped Fairchild's shirt down the back and a third threw hot water from the coffee pot on Fairchild's back to clean the wound. But it turned out Fairchild wasn't wounded at all—except from the scalding.

THE TWO other turkey hunters showed up after a miraculous escape from the hostiles. The seasoned frontiersmen seemed frantic. They organized three shifts for guard duty. Fairchild got the order to guard the river on the first shift and dutifully left the safety of the camp to take his post.

After several terrifying hours in the dark, Fairchild expected his relief to arrive. No one showed up. He waited longer. Still no relief came. Finally, he snuck back and, to his surprise, he heard laughter from the camp. He listened.

The hide hunters guffawed over how Bat Masterson and two others had started the campfire in the woods; how Masterson had returned and intentionally led Fairchild to the fire instead of a turkey roost; how the other two pranksters stationed at the fire had shot over the heads of the three turkey hunters in a feigned Indian attack; and how Fairchild was out there now guarding the camp from nonexistent Indians.

Fairchild didn't speak to anyone for days, and he never again even remotely alluded to a desire for hunting Indians.

"Indian fire!" whispered Bat Masterson. "I've been dreaming of Indians for three nights in a row." "You're getting yellow, Bat," Myers said. "Besides, we've got Fairchild here and he can whip all the Indians in the Panhandle." Fairchild swelled with pride until shots began whizzing over the hunters' heads.

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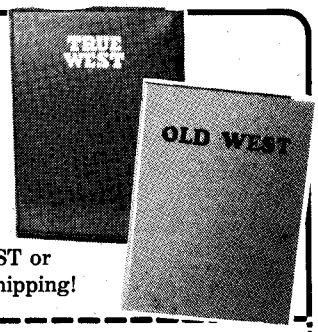

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Index of Advertisers

American Indian Books....55
Back to Earth....54
Barbed Wire Press....7, 57, 65, 68
Blevins Manufacturing Co....14
Book Mart....8, 13, 33-36, 55, 58, 61
Cavalry Regimental Supply....54
Columbia House Video....11
Custeriana books....58
Eagles NAR....54
Gem Guides Book Co....15
Ghost Town Quarterly, back issues....9
Mountainmen Books....13
NANN....13
Old West, subscription....59
Order of the Indian Wars....7
Outlaws-Lawmen books....8
Serial Fanatic....54
Shkurkin Maps....15
Simmons Scientific....54
Slocum Books....54
True West....6
University of Nebraska Press....3
Western Art Prints....62
Western Graphics....2
Western Index....66
Westernlore Press....67
Western Publications binders....65
Western Publications books....9
Women in the West books....61

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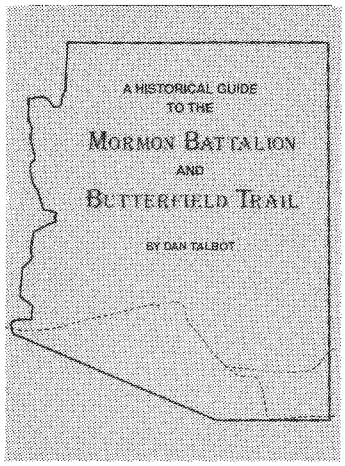

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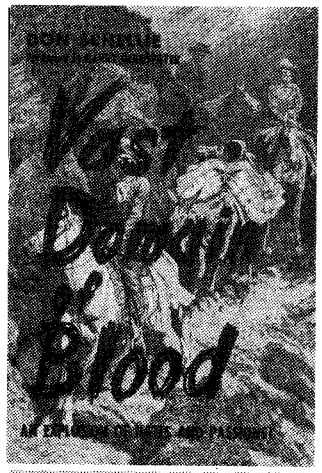

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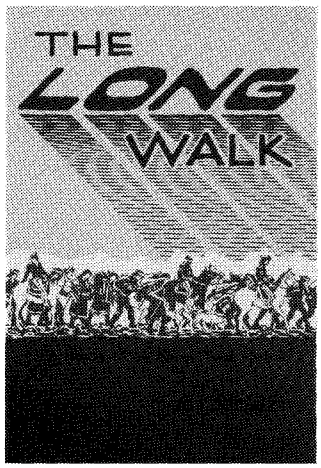

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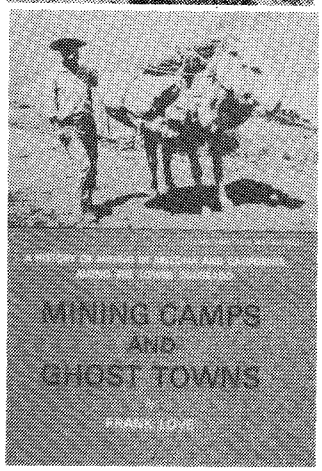

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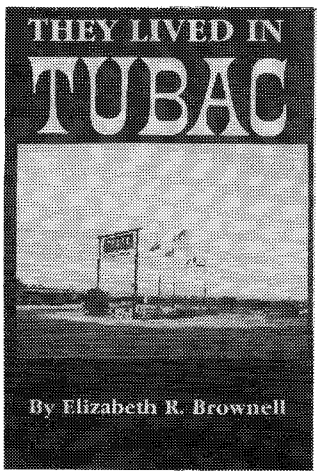

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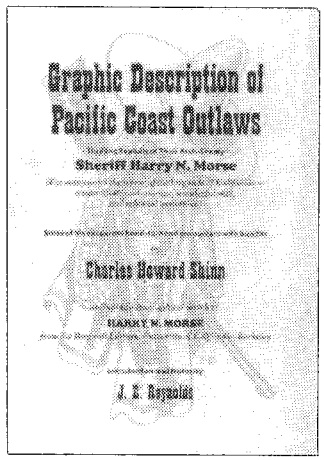

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